

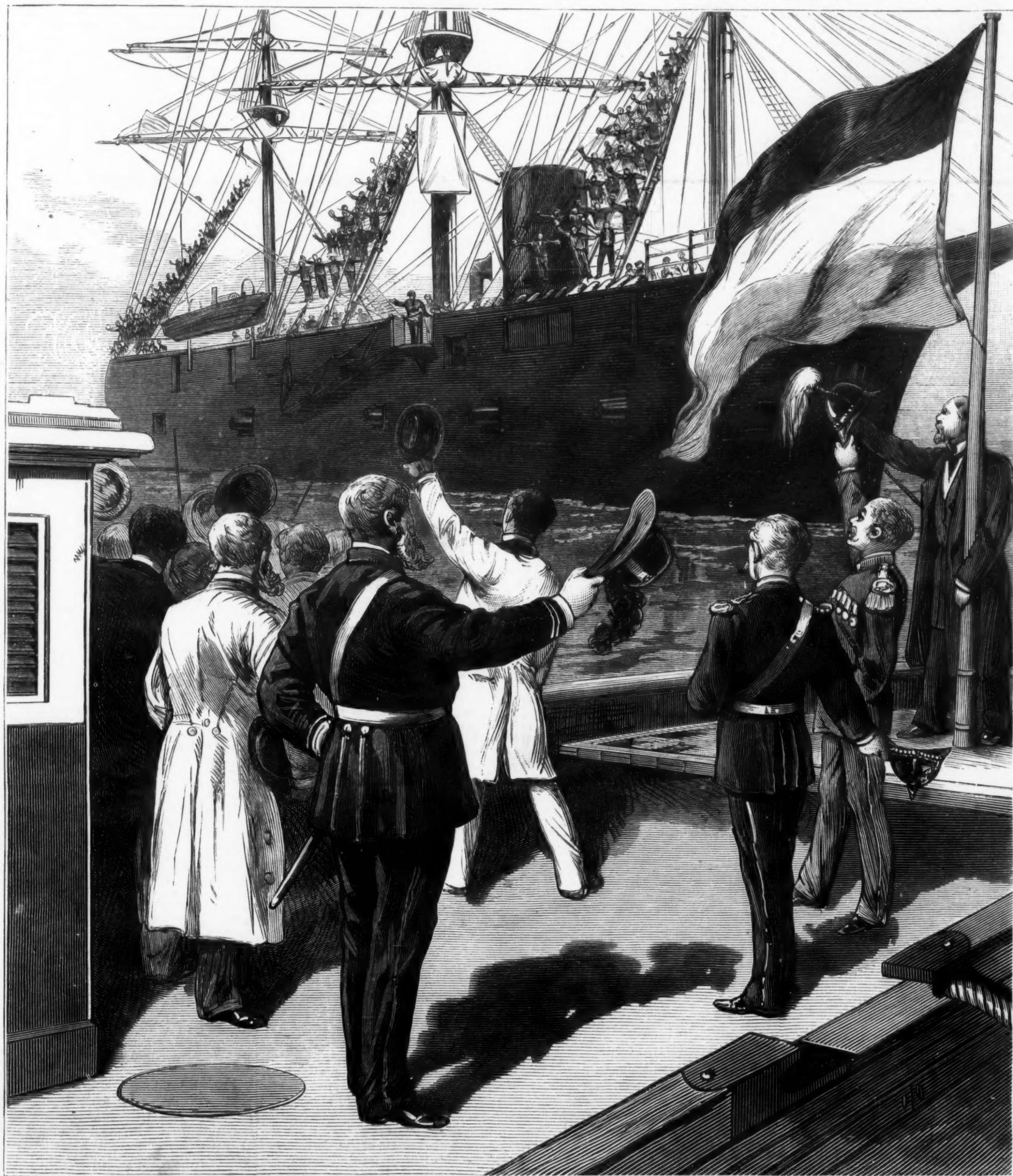
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN GUESTS OF THE NATION AT NEW YORK, OCT. 13TH.—THE CREW OF THE U.S.S. "KEARSARGE" CHEERING THE PARTY WHILE BEING TAKEN TO PIER 1.—SEE PAGE 150.

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

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CAUTION.

Information comes to us from different parts of the country that agents claiming to represent the publishing house of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF RIGHT.

THE present composition of the Senate, and the questions concerning its organization arising at the very threshold of its current extraordinary session, have afforded the people a good opportunity by which to test the temper and spirit of parties as represented in that body. By the resignations of ex-Senators Conkling and Patt, and by the death of General Burnside, an absolute majority was acquired for the Democrats in the Senate. When that body met it was without any presiding officer, and by a statute of Congress, passed in 1789, it is required that "the President of the Senate for the time being shall administer the oath, or affirmation, to each Senator who shall hereafter be elected, previous to his taking his seat." Under the operation of this statute, which is mandatory in its terms, there would have been no question, perhaps, as to the right and duty of the Democratic majority in the premises, but for the fact that there are sundry precedents in which the obligations of the statute have been waived by unanimous consent of all the members of the Senate. Where such unanimous consent was given (as in the year 1854, when, by resolution of the Senate, the Hon. Lewis Cass was authorized to administer the oath of office to new Senators), it would seem that such unanimous consent was drawn from the ancient and unwritten law of all parliamentary bodies which, in the matter of their own organization and proceedings, gives them plenary and supreme authority to perform all acts inherent in their constitution and necessary to their existence.

But when the unwritten and universal parliamentary law has been defined and limited by the statute law of the United States, we incline to hold that the latter is obligatory on the body or bodies meant to be affected by it, and hence it seems to us that the Democratic majority of the Senate, at its opening, were right in contending that it was the first duty of the Senate to elect a President *pro tempore*, whose function it should be among other things, to administer the oath of office to new Senators.

But when there are two ways of exercising a right, one of which clutches at certain accidental advantages, while doing despite to higher rights and interests, and the other of which sacrifices these accidental advantages in deference to such rights and interests, it is obviously the moral duty of a party, as of an individual, to elect the latter alternative. By a series of accidents and providences the Democrats had been placed in a temporary majority of the Senate, but when the vacancies created by these accidents and providences should be filled, the two parties in the Senate would be precisely equal in numbers. In this view of the case, the fact which dominated the whole situation was not the temporary and accidental inequality of parties on the threshold of the session, but the permanent and actual equality of parties which, in the present constitution of the Senate, must decide its peculiar character as a deliberative and legislative body.

We conclude, therefore, that the Democrats fell below the measure of their highest duty in refusing to confer with the Republicans in the matter of the whole organization of the Senate, to the end that that organization might rest on the permanent basis of mutual concession, instead of resting on the fortuitous confluence of events, with an underlying sentiment of injustice and of sharp practice giving an added instability to the whole situation. And it is no argument against this view that, *mutatis mutandis*, the Republicans would have been probably quite as tenacious of these same accidental advantages

as the Democrats. So far as the *tu quoque* argument extends, we admit that the "honors are easy" between the two parties, but it is only by holding each party to the rule of absolute right that we can ever hope to work a permanent amendment in the methods of both.

It is now quite apparent that, if the question of the *whole* organization of the Senate, including the choice of a President *pro tempore*, had been remitted at the outset to the joint counsels of the two parties now in equilibrium, and determined in accordance with this rule, the Democrats would have escaped an embarrassing situation and stood much better with the country than they now do. Had they pursued the wiser course, the result would not probably have been different from that which was finally reached in the elevation of Senator David Davis, of Illinois, to the Presidency, but they would not have been exposed to the charge of seeking an advantage at the expense of fair play. Certainly it will not be denied that Senator Davis furnishes, in his high personal character and political independence, an available *tertium quid* for holding each of the rival organizations in their just harmony and normal equivalence. In saying this, we speak entirely from a consideration of the political grounds which seem to be fundamental in the present constitution of the Senate, for, on *personal* grounds, it would be impossible to take any exception to the distinguished Senator whom the temporary Democratic majority selected as the presiding officer of the Senate. Senator Bayard has every quality which can adorn the dignified and responsible position in which he was temporarily placed by his political associates; but placed as he was in that position, under a standing rule of the Senate, which declares that "the office of President *pro tempore* is held at the pleasure of the Senate," it was desirable that this "pleasure" should be exercised with a decorum and fairness which would command for it the rightful and cheerful acquiescence of all the Senate and of all the people.

MONETARY AFFAIRS.

A N interesting feature of the existing financial situation is the stringency of money, a state of things unquestionably brought about by the present gigantic speculations in grain, provisions and cotton. The time has gone by when Wall Street could absorb all the floating capital that is usually devoted to speculation; the transactions there are but a very small atom compared with the ventures in the three items we have mentioned, the speculative operations in grain being especially noteworthy. Money now lends at six and seven per cent., and as high as one-sixteenth of one per cent. per day has been paid within a week.

The Secretary of the Treasury has been severely criticised by embarrassed speculators in Wall Street for not coming to their relief; but the more conservative and disinterested financiers generally commend the prudent course that Mr. Windom has adopted. It will be remembered that a short time ago the Secretary called in \$20,000,000 of extended sixes now running at 3½ per cent., with a notice of ninety days, thus deferring the payment until December 24th. This was quite the reverse of what had been expected—something in accordance with exploded paternal ideas of government—and it was curious, not to say amusing, to witness the consternation of commercial and financial wreckers, poorly masked, by a sudden alarm for the interests of legitimate trade. It is highly probable that the tightness of money will continue up to the turn of the year, when the millions—something like \$70,000,000—that the Treasury will then disburse as interest on the bonds, will, with the \$20,000,000 already mentioned, produce a marked decline in the borrowing rates. The settlement by the West of its debts in the East, then will also contribute to this result.

There is plenty of money in the country; the only trouble is, that our largely increased prosperity has encouraged speculation in almost every branch of trade, and there is really no idle capital available.

The West is undoubtedly the most prosperous section of the Union just now. Her enormous crops have been the means of turning the tide of gold this way, and naturally she is the first to profit by the agreeable innovation. Mr. Gladstone said in his speech at Leeds, a short time ago, that within two years England had lost \$120,000,000 on her export trade and as much as \$500,000,000 through poor harvests. Probably no other country on the face of the globe has profited so much by England's misfortunes as the United States. Our manufacturers have nearly superseded the English in even their own colonies in some branches of trade, while competing with encouraging success in others. But the crowning advantage has fallen to our agricultural community. Of the five hundred millions that the British people have lost, at least three hundred millions,

as a modest estimate, have gone to the sturdy farmers of the West.

An innovation on the present system of managing the Government's finances has of late found some supporters. It is to abolish the sub-Treasury system and make the national banks the depositories of all moneys received either from customs or other sources, the banks giving bonds as security. This, it is claimed, will facilitate legitimate business transactions, and will only follow the practice of foreign countries in their disposition of the revenues until actually required. A few cynical critics, however, inquire what particular banks are to be favored with these extraordinary privileges. Perhaps this proposal has some connection—distant it may be—with the anxiety felt by some financiers touching the rapidity with which the national debt is now being liquidated, it being claimed that the better policy would be to proceed more slowly, since, on the abolition of the debt, there will be no Government bonds wherewith to secure the notes of the national banks. It is curious that such puerilities are actually uttered by those who lay claim to financial education. Such a course, moreover, would exactly suit British capitalists, who have, in point of fact, advocated that very thing—partly because they hold a large number of our bonds, and partly because a reduction in our import duties would then be in order.

Another feature of financial affairs is the falling-off in our exports by reason of the high prices resulting from speculations. The foreign shipments from this port since January 1st have been to the value of \$306,555,000, against \$318,346,000 during the same time last year. The falling off in the exports of hog products, caused by the European alarm early in the year over diseased meat, might of itself account for this reduction; and it is interesting to notice, in this connection, that the French Government seems disposed to remove the embargo on American pork which it then established. Our packers are not so anxious on the subject now as they were, because they can obtain sufficiently profitable prices in this country; but it would, nevertheless, be well to reopen this trade as soon as possible, and it may be assumed that if France takes the initiative, the other countries which have excluded American pork will soon follow her example. This will, of course, increase our imports of specie, though we might rest content with the fact that, notwithstanding the restrictive efforts of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of Holland, our imports of specie at New York alone since the beginning of the year have reached \$47,573,000 against \$37,136,000 for the same time last year, and \$6,515,000 for a like period in 1876.

THE POSITION OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

THE position of the new President is so peculiar and the attitude of the people towards him so striking, that his accession to power must be observed with the greatest interest, not only here but everywhere, by all who watch the working of our institutions.

Last year he was a private citizen—a lawyer in New York—deeply interested in the politics of his own State, but holding no office and seeking none. He was strongly identified with the branch of his party which was defeated at Chicago. He had no thought of the Vice-Presidency, but was suddenly chosen, on the nomination of General Garfield, in the hope to avert a breach in the party ranks. He did avert it, and the party secured its victory. But still he was only President of the Senate, with no thought of more serious duties. President Garfield was in the prime of life and full of vigor, and soon the old strife broke out within the lines of the victorious party, and General Arthur took his natural place in it.

In the opinion of many he was more zealous than became his position, and party animosity was directed against him with great bitterness. This was fanned to a sudden flame on that fatal Saturday morning, when, as the President lay wounded to death at Washington, the assassin exclaimed, "Arthur is President, and I am a Stalwart!" But it was only a momentary flame. The American people are essentially just, and when brought face to face with such serious issues, they deal fairly and judge calmly.

They watched with intense interest the sufferings of the stricken President and the bearing of his probable successor. From that day all bitterness and partisan prejudice disappeared. General Arthur heard the news of the assassination in the street, while returning from Albany with Mr. Conkling. He immured himself in his home and awaited the event—we may well believe with more intense solicitude than any other citizen. It is not too much to say that his conduct throughout was faultless. The end came, and the duties of the Executive devolved upon him. After pay-

ing his utmost tribute to the dead, he quietly took up his burden, established himself in private house near the Capitol, and is soberly addressing himself to the difficult task which the law has cast upon him. No enemy in his own ranks or those of his party opponents has thus far criticised his conduct. Difficult as his position is, it has its advantages. He is unwillingly discharging a great public trust—not sought but thrust upon him. He is not bound to reward friends who have elevated him, and the very weight and nature of his burden shield him from the pressure of friendly urgency, and they also secure for him the considerate judgment of all fair minds. After the first passion of sorrow has passed, it will be seen that he must be expected to be a mere executor of a former President, working only with his instruments, but must be himself the Executive. Bearing the responsibility, he must choose his advisers and adopt his own methods. He must stand or fall by his own acts, and his administration must shine in history, if at all, by its own, and not by reflected, splendor. It is evident that he understands this fully, and is acting upon it with a full sense of the nature of his position. His long experience as an active politician—which has been made a subject of reproach by old enemies—will now be an actual advantage. It means knowledge of public men and public matters, and skill in directing affairs, in harmonizing dissensions, in conciliating good-will and guiding discordant political forces to a common end. If he has these qualities, combined with lofty views of the work he is called upon to do, they may in this juncture serve him better than some grander attributes of the statesman.

Little can be judged from the first month of power, but the tone of the press, and all forms of public expression, indicate that he is bearing himself well, and that the people will behave well to him. He keeps his own counsel, and listens carefully. He performs his duties with quiet dignity, and seems to be appealing to the American people to give him a fair chance, while he makes his best endeavor to prove that our system of free government is strong enough to bear the strain of assassination as well as civil war. His first month proves at least that this appeal will be fairly responded to by the people.

MR. PARNELL'S ARREST.

THE British Government has at length laid its hand upon Mr. Parnell, who has gone up and down the country preaching the doctrine of plunder and revolution, and a bitter struggle with that section of the Land League which follows his standard will now inevitably follow. It was high time that the Government should act with vigor and decision. It has paltered far too long with the spirit of sedition which Parnell and his crew have so industriously fomented. If these malcontents were honestly desirous of helping Ireland, they would have welcomed the Land Act and used their influence to secure it a fair trial. But they have done everything in their power to influence the public feeling against it, and to make a fair trial under it simply impossible. As a result agrarian outrages have continued, the authority of the Government has been openly flouted, and the whole country is today on the brink of revolution. Now that the Government has asserted its power in the case of Parnell, it is to be presumed that it will adopt whatever measures may be necessary to protect Irish subjects from organized intimidation and the terrorism of League desperadoes. The arrest of their leader has, of course, produced intense excitement among the malcontent classes, and the League proclaims its purpose to persist in Parnell's programme, but there need be no fear that the Government will be unable to control the situation so long as it shall act with decision in the use of the power at its command. The military force in Ireland is overwhelmingly strong, and intimations have been conveyed to the minor agitators that they will be severely dealt with if occasion demands. The stipendiary magistrates are said to be everywhere prepared to stamp out disorder.

THE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM.

THE visit of King Kalakaua to the United States has attracted renewed attention to the condition of his kingdom and the probable future of its government. Within a few years past, the agricultural interests in certain directions of the Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Islands have been remarkably prosperous. The Reciprocity Treaty between Hawaii and the United States, by which sugar and rice produced in that kingdom are admitted free of duty into our ports, has so stimulated the sugar-producing interests in the islands as to occasion a large emigration thither of Chinese and Portuguese laborers and a rapidly increasing export of raw sugar to

this country. The exports of this product have risen from 18,312,926 pounds in 1868, to 38,431,458 pounds in 1878; 48,559,927 pounds in 1879, and nearly 80,000,000 pounds in 1880. A similar increase in the production and export of rice is noticeable. The crops of both these staples would latterly have been larger had it not been for the difficulty of obtaining labor. Notwithstanding the introduction of labor-saving machinery, a number of planters found their crops ruined in the field for want of hands to care for them.

With this increase in the agricultural prosperity of the islands have come certain elements which threaten serious complications at no distant day in the political and social status of the kingdom. Since the discovery of the Islands by Captain Cook, in 1778, the native population has steadily decreased. The lowest estimate places it at that time at 200,000. When, in 1820, the first missionaries from this country began their work in Hawaii, they estimated the number of natives on all the islands at from 130,000 to 150,000. Since then the depopulation has been continuous and rapid, as the figures of the census will show. In 1860 the natives numbered 67,084; in 1872, 49,044; and in 1878, only 44,088. That the race is destined to speedy extinction there can be no doubt. The same causes are now at work which have proved so fatal to the natives since the first white man visited the Islands.

In considering the future of the Hawaiian kingdom, the native element is, therefore, to be left out of the question. Thus far it has been represented by the head of the Government. The reigning monarch has always been a native; but the power behind the throne has been that of the foreigner. The missionaries at an early day exerted a decided influence upon the personal opinions of the occupant of the throne, as well as upon the legislation of the Government, and that influence in a modified form is continued at the present time. The Hawaiian Government is practically an oligarchy, and the king is to a considerable extent a mere figure-head. But the new conditions which are so rapidly making their appearance in Hawaiian affairs render the future of the islands more than ever a doubtful one. The Chinaman may become a more important person in Hawaii than at one time it was feared he would be in California. According to the census of the islands in 1872, there were then but 1,938 Chinese in the kingdom. In 1878 there were 5,916, and Attorney General Armstrong, who accompanied King Kalakaua to this country, estimated the present number at 15,000. Many of these are wealthy, enterprising, sagacious men, in some cases owning extensive sugar and rice plantations. As the Americans in the kingdom do not number over 1,500, and the foreigners of all other nationalities, except Chinese and Portuguese, not over 3,000, the Chinese element is largely in the ascendant. Within the past year efforts have been made to obtain Portuguese labor. Several thousand laborers of this nationality have gone to the islands, and it is believed that the emigration will continue. How far these elements may combine in any future political crisis is, of course, a matter of conjecture. The sympathies of the native Hawaiians are strongly with the United States, and any movement to make the islands a dependency upon an European Government would meet with determined opposition on their part.

What, then, is the outlook for Hawaii in the immediate future? May not the steady diminution of the native population and the rapidly increasing numbers of foreigners give rise to troubles which will occasion the intervention of some foreign power? A pamphlet recently published on the condition of affairs in the islands, by a member of the House of Nobles of Hawaii, expresses some concern lest the islands should be seized by a foreign Government—perhaps by that of the United States. There is little danger of this at present. But in such a contingency as the death of the present monarch, in the course of a few years, when the relative proportions of the native and the European and Asiatic population will have become even more marked than at present, there may be occasion for foreign interference.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE French campaign in Tunis displays increased vigor and coherence. The capital has at length been occupied by French troops with the assent of the Bey, who has also signed an order authorizing the occupation of Kairouan. The occupation of Tunis will be purely military, but it will scarcely stop at this should it be found desirable to transfer the civil administration to French hands. The insurgents about Susa are still giving the invaders a good deal of trouble, and an insurrection is said to have broken out in the Kroumier country. The important announcement is made that the German, Austrian, Italian and Spanish Governments are considering the advisability of sending a combined fleet to North African waters to protect their subjects.

We have commented elsewhere on the

arrest of Mr. Parnell. It is said that the Irish members of Parliament who hold to his views have decided to urge the people to pay no taxes, local or national, and that Mr. Sexton has pledged himself to bring up a resolution in the House next session on the subject. This report, however, is discredited because of the wild absurdity of the proposal. Meanwhile the Land Commissioners are preparing for their work, several hundred applications for a reduction of rent having been made to the court by tenants on the estates owned by London guilds in Ulster.

It seems to be settled that Gambetta will soon succeed to the French Premiership. The Ferry Cabinet has not, as reported, tendered its resignation, but Gambetta is understood to have been definitely charged with the formation of a new Ministry. The event has been so long anticipated that it will occasion no commotion either in or out of France. A statement that Gambetta recently had a friendly interview with Bismarck is not credited in official circles.

In Afghanistan, the Amer appears to be having everything his own way. He has beaten, in two engagements, the forces of Ayoub Khan from Herat, and the pretender, abandoning his followers to their fate, has sought safety in Persia. With the occupation of Herat, the Amer becomes complete master of the situation, and it is not likely that his authority will be any longer seriously disputed.

England and France continue to act in concert in Egyptian affairs, and the visit of the Turkish delegates has been without result. The Khédive refusing to permit any interference on their part in the adjustment of existing disorders. The special mission is reported to have been recalled.

THE Land League agitators of Ireland expect Mr. O'Connor, just arrived in this country, to collect \$100,000 for League purposes. Their expectation is likely to be disappointed. The American people, however freely they may give for the relief of Irish distress, have nothing to contribute towards a fund which is to be used for the promotion of agrarian violence and the support of a handful of desperate reactionaries who are incapable of appreciating, and do not desire, a just and fair settlement of the Irish question.

THE exclusion of the Tammany Hall delegation from the Democratic State Convention at Albany, last week, is spoken of in some quarters as "the end" of John Kelly. There can be no doubt that the rebuff will damage the prestige of that wily chieftain: but it is a mistake, we fancy, to conclude that he is annihilated by it. He has, and will continue to have, a considerable following among the Democracy, and, being a man of real aggressive force, he will be sure to return to the assault with a vigor which, in the end, will compel recognition from the party magnates who now oppose him.

THE Democrats just elected to the Senate of Iowa must have a very keen sense of loneliness as they look over the returns. There are only four of them all told in a membership of fifty. There are, it is true, two Greenbackers, but their votes will count for nothing with forty-four Republicans in opposition, and their company is not likely to be sought as in itself desirable. It would, probably, be better for the State—and the statement admits of general application—if the minority party were strong enough to make itself really felt as to important questions of policy.

A FORMER Cabinet Minister, who has been in close relations with ex-President Grant, declared in a recent speech that a movement is already on foot for the nomination of the General in 1884. We can scarcely believe that there is any real foundation for this statement; but if such a movement is actually in progress, its projectors will save themselves a great deal of trouble, and their candidate a sore humiliation, by abandoning it forthwith. It is not among the possibilities that General Grant should ever again receive a nomination for the Presidency. The sentiment of the country is every day becoming more and more decisively hostile to the men and the methods he represents, and the Republicans could make no greater mistake than to commit their standard to his hands. And we suspect that the General himself is just now giving a good deal more attention to his stock and railway speculations than to fishing for a Presidential nomination.

THE business of gambling in grain, which has reached such great proportions in Chicago, is at length menaced with destruction. The laws, which provide severe penalties for the crime of "cornering" and forestalling the grain market, are to be appealed to, and an effort made to secure their enforcement. In a charge to the Grand Jury of the Criminal Court last week, Judge Jameson said it was the first business of Courts of Justice to detect and punish the whole "family of frauds" to which "cornering" belongs, his language being as follows:

"Public rumor on the street and in the press justifies me in saying that these offenses are rife among us, and in asking you, if evidence to that effect should reach you, to make them the subject of inquiry, your duty and mine is plain. However powerful the combination to defy the laws, and however difficult to detect and punish the crimes, we rank ourselves with the criminal if we fail to bring the terrors of the law to bear upon him. If the spread of gambling has infected our business men the consequences cannot but be disastrous. The course of business, instead of proceeding quietly and healthily, will become broken by fits of fever and panic; unlawful gains will be preferred to the slow profits of legitimate trade; our farmers, partaking of the prevalent spirit, will hold back their crops in expectation of corner processes, bor-

rowing money on mortgage to carry on their operations, instead of realizing by the sales of farm products. I think I may promise, on the part of the judiciary of this county, that, if you present men for crime, it will not go unpunished, so far as the enforcement of the laws depends on them."

If the State of Minnesota shall finally refuse to pay its honest obligations, it will not be the fault of its present Executive. Governor Pillsbury has arrayed all the influence of his administration in opposition to the repudiation policy, and, unwilling to abandon the struggle so long as a hope of success remains, has just sent another message to the Legislature, strongly urging it to provide at once for the payment of the maturing State bonds. He declares that the honor of the State is concerned in their payment, and calls attention to the fact that, by the acceptance of the plan now proposed by the bondholders, the half of the whole amount due, \$40,000,000, will be saved. If this plan is now rejected, he fears that the State will be "confronted with the cold choice between total payment and naked repudiation." He concludes with an urgent appeal to the Legislature "to perform a single act of justice, which shall for ever put at rest the haunting spectre of repudiation, and place our young Commonwealth irrevocably in the sisterhood of honorable States." Whatever Minnesota may do, Governor Pillsbury has done his whole duty in this important matter, and he will have his reward in the approval of honest men everywhere.

THE recent strange and unexpected demand for Confederate States bonds in London has sorely puzzled the financial wiseacres. One explanation is that the movement has its motive in a desire to break the market for American securities in Europe so that they may be bought up and sent back in place of the gold which Europe is forced to pour into this country for cotton, provisions and breadstuffs; but this theory is, probably, only slightly nearer the truth than the other theory, that a large sum in gold, the property of the late Confederacy, has just been discovered on deposit in London, and that its discoverers have been buying up bonds so as to have the basis for a claim for this gold. Whatever may be the explanation of the movement in these worthless securities, it is certain it has attracted little or no attention in political circles and has not produced the faintest ripple in financial affairs. The New Orleans Times says of it:

"The Southern people do not indulge the slightest dream that the Confederate debt will ever be paid by anybody. They have to a very great extent thrown away as worthless, or otherwise lost possession of their Confederate bonds, and they certainly have no desire to increase the burden of taxation to pay them to strangers, even if such a thing were possible, which it is not, while the people of the Northern States are in such an enormous majority. Without doubt, Confederate bonds are thoroughly worthless, in spite of all efforts to give them a momentary and fictitious value."

THE Republicans have again carried Ohio, re-electing Governor Foster by a plurality of 24,000 in a greatly reduced vote. The Temperance movement, which was expected to operate largely to the prejudice of the Republican nominations, does not seem to have had that effect, and those who projected it have one more disastrous defeat to add to their list of baffled political experiments. The general result, while not altogether anticipated, can scarcely be regarded as surprising or unnatural. The people generally are weary of mere partisan contentions. The country is prosperous; the work of reform in the more important branches of the public administration is going steadily forward; and there is among the masses, outside of the mere professional politicians, a disposition to "let well enough alone"—a reluctance to hazard the advantages of the existing order of things by a transfer of power from tried to inexperienced hands. The recent tragic event in our history, too, has sensibly deepened the popular aversion to that violent partisanship which ordinarily seeks its own rather than the country's good. If now the administration of President Arthur shall adapt itself to the dominant temper, and maintain in the main the policy initiated by the murdered Executive, we may reasonably anticipate an era of tranquillity in public affairs which will be in every way favorable to the prosperity of all our great national interests.

THE Chicago Journal gives some interesting facts as to the recovery of that city from the great fire of October, 1871. That fire swept over an area of 2,121 acres, destroyed 17,450 buildings, rendered 98,860 persons homeless, and involved a total loss of \$196,000,000. But the disaster, great as it was, occasioned but a momentary paralysis of the energy and enterprise of the people. Almost before the smoke had lifted from the scene of ruin, they began to rebuild, and now, at the end of ten years, statistics show that buildings have been erected of three times the value of those destroyed. In the first year after the fire, the value of the buildings erected reached \$40,193,600, while, for the ten years, the total value has been \$140,716,520. It is to be remembered in this connection that the old Chicago was greater composed of wooden buildings, while the new is all brick, stone, or iron. The buildings, too, are larger, and represent a much larger capacity than would the same number of the old style. The Journal, which supplies these facts, adds:

"In this decade the population has increased from 288,000 to 503,000. Business has kept apace with the increase in buildings and population, and it is true that Chicago never was so great and prosperous as to-day, and, although it is the anniversary of a calamity, all may take pride in their city. No monument has ever been erected to commemorate the event, and really Chicago needs none but herself. Business is good, people are flocking to the city, and, its growth during the next decade, will be even more wonderful than in the ten years now closing."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

DURING the present season 47,414,064 pounds of salmon have been canned on the Pacific coast.

THE town of Kokomo, in Colorado, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 13th instant.

IT is rumored that M. Bartholomei, the Russian Minister to the United States, will shortly be recalled.

SEVENTEEN lives were lost and many persons seriously injured by fire in a Philadelphia woolen mill last week.

THE Star Route cases have been again postponed, owing to the absence of counsel. The postponement is to the 28th instant.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., and Dr. Dillon Egan, the delegates from the Irish Land League, arrived at this port on Friday last.

SECRETARY WINDOM will be elected United States Senator from Minnesota to fill out the term for which he was originally selected.

THE new Michigan Fire Relief Commission states that they have an abundance of clothing on hand, but need money, quilts and blankets.

THE Democrats will support L. Q. Washington, of Virginia, for Secretary of the Senate, when the election of that officer comes up in December.

THE Scotch yacht *Madge* was beaten by the Boston yacht *Shadow* in a ten-mile race at Newport, October 14th, by nearly twenty-three minutes.

THE Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has entered suit against the Standard Oil Company for over \$3,000,000, alleged to be due in taxes and penalties.

COMPTROLLER CAMPBELL's estimate for money to run the New York City government for 1882 calls for \$31,671,840.19. The tax rate has been fixed at \$2.02.

IN the Iowa election, October 11th, the Republicans secured a majority of 55,000 over the Democrats, and of 38,000 over Democrats and Greenbacks combined.

IT is definitely settled that Hanlan and Ross are to row a race for \$2,000 a distance of one and a half miles and turn, at Creve Coeur Lake, near St. Louis, Mo., November 15th.

MONEY is so scarce among planters in the vicinity of Vicksburg, Tenn., it is said, that many of them are forced to mortgage their growing crops to procure the necessities of life, borrowing money at from 50 to 150 per cent. interest.

IT is reported on the best authority at Washington that Postmaster-general James and Attorney-general MacVeagh have reconsidered their determination to retire from the Cabinet, and will remain until the conclusion of the Star Route prosecutions.

THE revolt against "bossism" in Pennsylvania is spreading. The Philadelphia Committee of One Hundred has unanimously approved the candidacy of Charles S. Wolf for State Treasurer, and agreed to place an independent ticket for City Commissioner in the field.

THE returns of the Ohio election indicate that Governor Foster's plurality will be nearly, if not quite, 25,000. The Republicans have elected seventy representatives, the Democrats thirty-five. The State Senate will consist of twenty-one Republicans and twelve Democrats.

THE Bureau of Statistics report the value of breadstuffs exported during September, 1881, at \$19,947,144, as against \$23,583,055 during the same month of 1880, and for the first nine months of 1881 at \$177,452,349, against \$209,204,277 during the corresponding period of 1880.

THE Garfield Monument Committee, in reply to inquiries, says that the estimated cost of the proposed monument in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, is not less than \$200,000. The committee believes, from information received, that that amount can be raised in three weeks. Cleveland is expected to give \$50,000.

DISPATCHES from points on the Upper Mississippi report that the recent rains have caused a heavy rise of the river at several points. The tributaries were never higher. The bridges on all the smaller streams are gone, and most of the up-river roads are impassable. Trains have been delayed, and work of all kinds was at a comparative standstill.

THE New York Democratic State Convention last week nominated candidates for the State offices as follows: For Secretary of State, William Purcell; for Comptroller, George H. Lapham; for Attorney-General, R. A. Parmenter; for State Treasurer, R. A. Maxwell; for Judge of the Court of Appeals, ex-Attorney-General Schoemaker; for State Engineer, Thomas Evershed.

THE nomination of ex-Senator Hannibal Hamlin of Maine as Minister to Spain was renewed by President Arthur last week, and promptly confirmed by the Senate. Nearly all the nominations made by the late President after the adjournment of the Senate last summer have been renewed by his successor. Among them was that of Walker Blaine to be Third Assistant Secretary of State.

GUITTEAU was arraigned in Washington, October 14th, and pleaded not guilty to the indictment charging him with murder. The defense will be insanity and medical malpractice. The date of the trial was fixed for November 7th, and the question of jurisdiction will be argued on October 30th. There was no disturbance, save that caused by a demented lawyer who wished to shoot the prisoner.

THE French guests of the nation, after being handsomely entertained in Baltimore for three days last week, proceeded to Washington, where, on Friday, there was a grand civic and military parade in their honor and that of the German visitors. Subsequently they were received in the Rotunda of the Capitol by the President and the Secretary of State. At night there was a general street illumination and pyrotechnic display.

Foreign.

A VIOLENT hurricane in Great Britain, last week, interrupted telegraphic communication between England and Ireland, and did other serious damage.

THE Russian journals have received a circular from the Press Censor prohibiting the publication of anything about impending movements of the Czar or any of the imperial family.

THE Peruvian Minister at Washington reports that Arica and Puno and the army of the South have recognized President Calderon's Government. This practically reunites the country.

THE jury of the International Electric Exhibition at Paris has awarded gold medals of the highest class to Edison, Brush and Maxim for dynamo-magnetic machines. Also, gold medals to Edison, Brush and Maxim for arc incandescent lights. Edison takes five gold medals in all for inventions of various kinds.

MR. JOSEPH P. QUINN, Secretary of the Land League, has been arrested, on a charge of "intimidating the people of Ireland not to pay rent." Mr. William O'Brien, editor of the Land League organ; James J. O'Kelly, M. P., Mr. Sexton, and other leaders, have also been arrested.

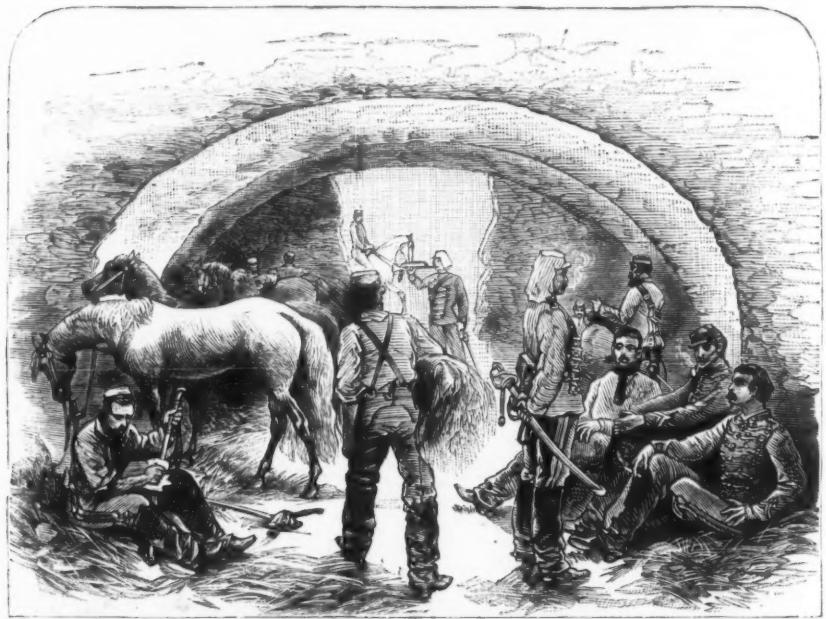
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 151.



GERMANY.—GREETING TO KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AT CARLSRUHE, BADEN.



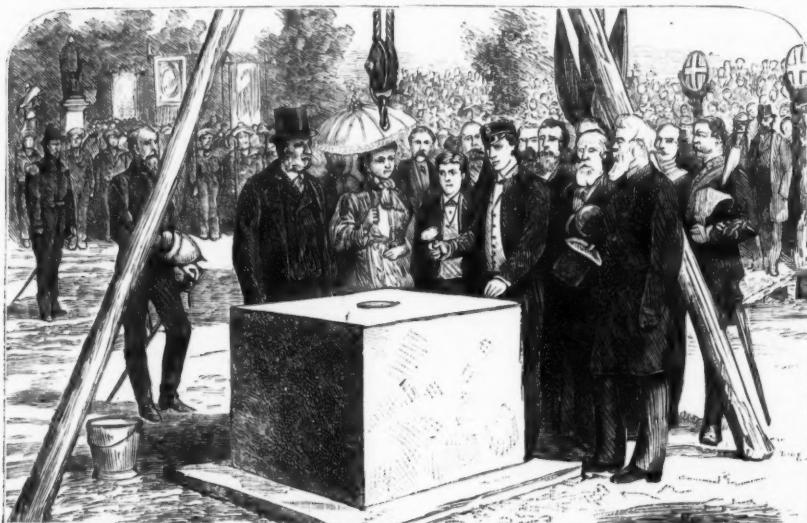
AFRICA.—MAJOR PINTO MEETING KING LOBOSSI AT LIALUL.



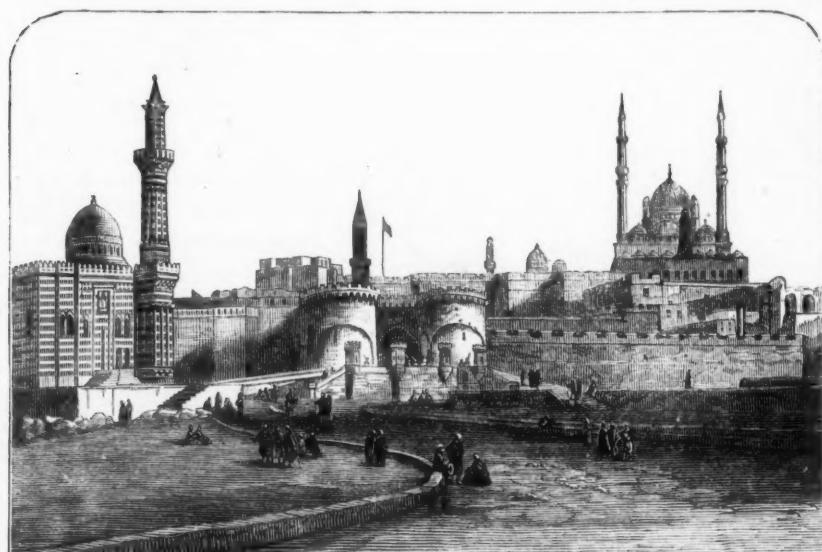
TUNIS.—FRENCH TROOPS ENCAMPED IN THE OLD CISTERNS OF CARTHAGE.



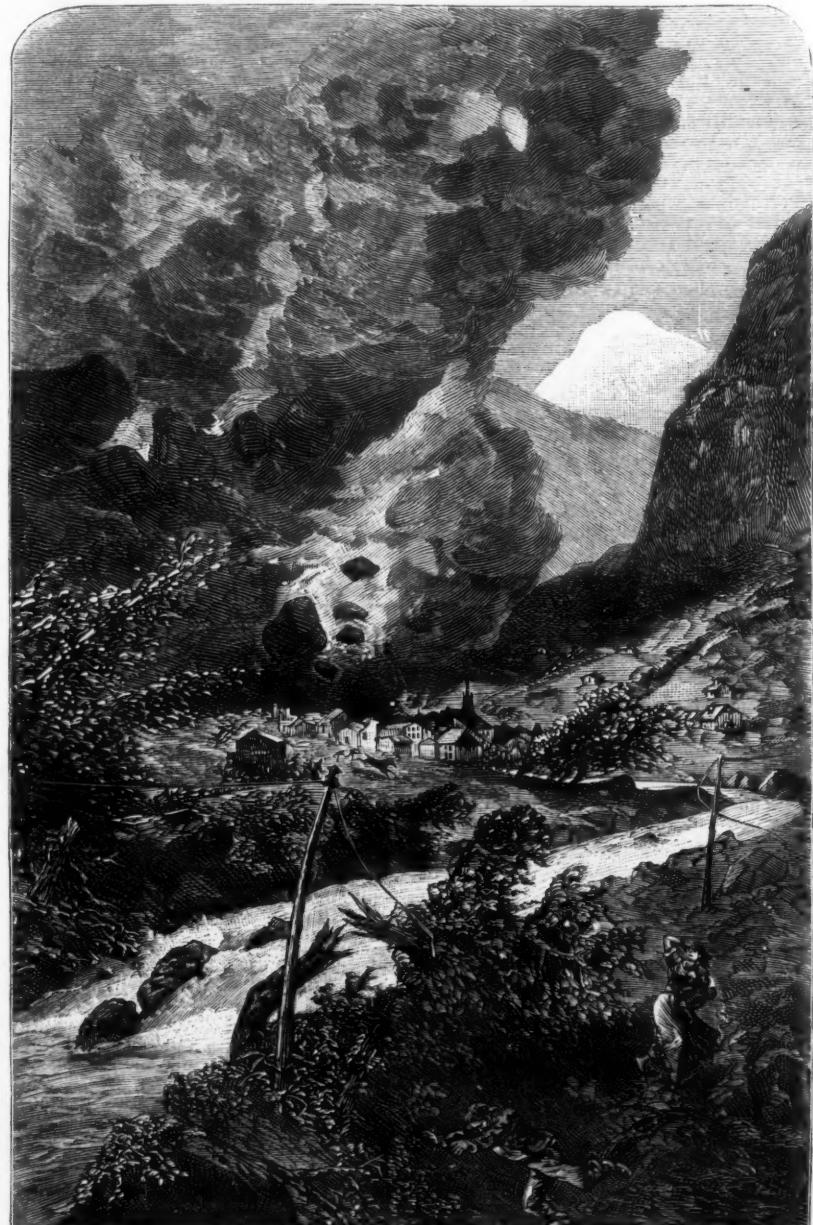
SWEDEN.—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE CROWN-PRINCE AND BRIDE.



N. S. W.—PRINCE ALBERT LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE QUEEN'S STATUE AT SYDNEY.



Egypt.—THE CITADEL AT CAIRO, SCENE OF THE MILITARY REVOLT.



SWITZERLAND.—VIEW OF THE SERNFT VALLEY DURING THE LAND-SLIP OF SEPT. 11TH.

OCTOBER 29, 1881.]

ORIOLE FESTIVAL
IN
BALTIMORE.

THE grand Oriole festival in Baltimore last week, extending over three days, was in every respect a brilliant success. The interest of the *fête* was enhanced by the presence of the distinguished French guests of the nation, the representatives of Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse and others. The first day of the festival was marked by a parade of the military, police and fire departments, and the formal turning on of the water-power from the new works at Gunpowder River, illustrated in our last issue. The city on that and the subsequent days was dressed in holiday attire, the public and private buildings being decorated with American, French, German and other national ensigns, escutcheons, with the portraits of Washington, Lafayette, De Steuben and other heroes of the Revolution. All around were the oriole colors: stands were draped with them; they hung in festoons around door and window, and, in fact, the colors of Lord Baltimore, taken from the oriole—the orange and black—were to be seen everywhere mingled with the red, white and blue.

The street pageant on the night of October 11th was one of the finest displays ever witnessed in this country. It is estimated that not less than probably more than 300,000 people witnessed the parade from the multitude of grand stands, from private residences and public buildings, and from the streets themselves. The entire route of nearly six miles flashed with calcium, electric and variegated lights which gave to the gaudy decorations of flags and gay trimmings a fairy-like appearance. The French guests occupied a stand, erected especially for them, at the intersection of Baltimore and Howard Streets. The pageant, composed of

about thirty floats, illustrated almost every branch of science, including history—from the building of the pyramids to the present day—commerce, song, mythology and trade.

Each float was drawn by two horses with all the trappings consistent with the design itself. Attendants upon horseback, knights, centurions, Greek warriors and Persian guards, all bearing torches blazing with colored fire, marched upon either side and in front and rear, wearing the uniform of their time and bearing the arms of their nationality. Heralds and mounted pages served as an escort in front of the procession.

The allegorical conceptions were broad, and the full purpose of the designs was brought out with great vividness. The French representation, which had the lead in the mystic displays, was a remarkably brilliant one, and the triple tableau, "America Supreme," was the most striking and realistic in the entire line of procession. This mystic pageant, or "Time's Enigmas," was notable for the fidelity of the scenic effects to the original of the thing depicted. One of the most effective tableau was "Antony and Cleopatra." This tableau presented to view more living characters than any of the others, there being nineteen all told—Antony and Cleopatra, Iras, Charmian, Enobarbus, Eno, Neron and Mettan, attendants upon the two royal lovers; a lute-player and ten Nubian oarsmen. The scene was the royal galley, with Antony and Cleopatra reclining in splendid luxury in the stern, with attendants ready to do their bidding. The oarsmen pushed the oars or paddled, straining their muscles to excite even a moderate rate of speed with the gorgeous but far from swift vessel. Egyptian devices and forms appeared at all points of the galley.

Another very effective tableau was that representing the influence



THE FLOAT REPRESENTING "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."



"TIME'S ENIGMAS"—THE FLOAT REPRESENTING THE INFLUENCE OF TIME ON THE FOUR DIVISIONS OF THE GLOBE.

MARYLAND.—THE GREAT ORIOLE FESTIVAL IN BALTIMORE—FEATURES OF THE STREET PAGEANT, OCTOBER 11TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

of Time upon the four great divisions of the globe. A hooded and winged sphinx reclined upon an elevated pedestal of dark Egyptian stone, at the side of which stood Time, represented as the typical old man with scythe and hour-glass. The square, an entirely unornamental pedestal, rested upon a base of the same sort of stone, at the corners of which were draped female figures representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Europe was represented by a Caucasian, Africa by a negro, America by an Indian and Asia by a Mongolian. At the feet of the latter there was an enormous elephant's head. Each of the figures was *en gris*. The border of the float was ingeniously arranged and made to represent a massive base of Egyptian granite.

In memory of Lafayette and other distinguished foreign generals who fought for the liberty of America and in honor of their illustrious descendants who are now the honored guests of the whole nation, an appropriate tableau of statuary was arranged. It represented General Lafayette thanking the ladies of Baltimore for clothing for his destitute army. The float was twenty-four feet long, twelve wide and eighteen high. On the extreme front, at both sides, were two thrones, seated on which were young women representing the goddesses of France and America. At their feet were the *insignia* of both countries—the American shield and *leur de lis* shield. Between these two figures stood a soldier in Continental dress keeping guard. On an elevation higher than this portion of the tableau, and a little in the rear, was a group of soldiers, poorly dressed, lounging around a camp-fire, portraying the condition of Lafayette's army during the Continental war. Surmounting the whole was a magnificent top, in crimson and gold, finished inside in pale-blue silk, studded with stars. The flags of France and America were displayed on each side of a large eagle with outstretched wings. Beneath the canopy stood Lafayette attired in his Court dress, and standing in a graceful position, with his right hand extended in the act of thanking the ladies of Baltimore, who are represented by a female figure dressed in orange colors and seated on the throne. In the background were stands of arms, ammunition, cannon-balls, drums and other materials of war.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER IX.

THE drive home from Paris was like a long nightmare to Estelle; and when it was over and she stood in the full light of madame's apartment with her wraps thrown aside, Florine exclaimed :

" Mademoiselle is ill! *Mon Dieu!* she is going to faint—to die!"

" Hush!" reproved madame, peevishly. " My child"—to Estelle—" you are tired, worn out. The heat was frightful, and the long drive kills one. Go to bed, and Florine shall bring you some wine."

But Estelle looked steadily at the shifting, uncertain eyes.

" Tell me," she said, in English, " what has happened. Tell me now—at once!"

" Tell you what?" madame answered, coloring in spite of herself and pulling nervously at the clasp of her bracelet. " What do you mean?"

" Something has happened to my—to Mr. Mervyn!" Estelle, pale and resolute, persisted. " You are keeping it from me, but I must know it."

" In the morning, then," Madame de Rougemont said, breaking down before the determination of the young girl. " Go to bed and to sleep now, and in the morning, when you are rested and stronger, you shall hear all I have heard."

" I am strong now. Do you think I can rest without knowing? I have heard something to-night which all the world seems to know excepting me—me, to whom it is so much more than to them!" Estelle answered. " Tell me the worst. It will be easier to bear than this suspense."

" I am tired—I am ill," madame answered, impatiently, still shrinking from Estelle's wild, searching eyes. " I am not fit for any excitement to night, nor are you. Wait until to-morrow. Child, you do not know for what you are asking. You do not know what a night you would give yourself!"

" Can anything be worse than this terror?"

" How tiresome!" madame said, to herself. " It would all be so much easier in the morning. Now we shall have a scene; she will faint or shriek, or something disagreeable, and I shall lose my whole night's rest—when I am so tired, too! How unlucky that she should have heard anything! I meant to tell her to-morrow."

Estelle caught her hand.

" What he is bearing, I can bear," she said. " He is in great sorrow—I know so much as that." She could not, for the life of her, put into words that worse terror which was clutching at her heart. " It is my right to share his sorrow. You have no right to keep it from me—not for an hour. He has written to you—give me the letter!"

Her tone was almost imperious—sharp with the agony of her fear and dread.

Madame de Rougemont rose without another word, and opened a locked cabinet which stood near her bed. From this she took a couple of English newspapers and held them towards Estelle.

" I have had no letter," said she. " I have only these. When you have read them, you will not wonder that he has not written—that he will never write again. My poor love"—struck with a sudden touch of feeling at the contact of the cold hands, and the ghastly pallor of the fair young face—" it will be a blow to you, but remember that you would have me tell you. I would have spared you—"

Estelle stooped quickly and kissed her.

" You cannot spare me better than by letting me know all. Do not be afraid for me."

Then she hurried to her own room, and, sitting down, covered her eyes for one brief moment before they rested on the fatal page, trying to steady her shaken nerves and gather strength for what madame told her would be a blow.

At first the blow did not reach her. She read the account of the inquest three times before she grasped its full import. The first thing she understood was that there had been a railway accident; and the throb of terror at

her lover's danger was scarcely calmed by the sight of his name at a later date, proving him to have been at least alive. He had been hurt, ill, in sorrow and in peril, and she had never known: she had been gay and frivolous whilst he was in such extremity! Instinctively she put up her hands and threw her pearl-bound coif and high-starched ruff aside, blushing with shame and self-reproach as she did so.

Then the leading article, strong in its theory of Tempest Mervyn's guilt, came before her, and by degrees its plainly spoken accusation dawned upon her and filled her with high indignation.

" This is why he is silent, then," she said. " He is too proud and too generous to let me share his undeserved shame. Oh, my darling, my darling! do you not know that you are ten times dearer to me for every wicked, false word they speak against you—for every blow aimed at you? How dreadful! How shameful!" as she read on. " How can they dare to say such things of him? How can they believe him guilty of such a crime? As if—with a proud toss of her head—"it were possible!" They ought to be punished for writing it, and for sending a hideous calumny like that abroad over the world! No, Tempest will not let it crush him. His friend was right. His friends stood by him, they said. Oh, why was I the only one who seemed to stand aloof?"

There was a little sob in her voice as the hot, angry tears fell from her wet lashes. " What must he think of me?" She turned to the date on the paper. " Three weeks—three long weeks; and he has been waiting—oh, I know how he has been waiting, my own love!—for a word or a sign from me. How could he come to me and say, 'They have called me a—'?" She shrank, shuddering, from the word. " The shame we once spoke of so lightly has come on my name. Can you bear to belong to me now?" No; he could only wait—as he has waited—for me to say, "It is nothing to me—or rather it is great deal. I love you more truly for all you have suffered. I hate and defy all your enemies. They are mine, too. I believe in you. I am more yours than ever. I will not lose another moment in telling you so."

She hastened to her writing-table, and wrote from her full heart such a letter as would have filled poor Mervyn with hope and courage, would have fired his spirit like new wine, and changed the whole future of the man's history, if he could but have read it. She blushed a little as she folded it up resolutely and sealed it beyond recall.

" No," she said; " I will not alter one word. He has been generous; I will be generous, too. This is no time to hold back; he needs all the assurance I can give him. If he were happy and fortunate, I might perhaps not let him know all at once how much I love him. I might let him guess a little, and doubt a little"—she smiled and blushed a good deal more—" but, now that he is in trouble, I will not be ashamed to tell him all; I will not be outdone in my trust, even by you, my darling!" she added, tenderly, as she pressed her warm, red lips to the seal her hand must break.

The early Spring day-dawn was looking in upon her as she did this. She was too much excited to sleep; so she put aside her ball fineries, and wrapping herself in her dressing-gown, walked up and down her room until she heard the first stir of waking life in the household.

The first sound was the quick, soft patter of Monsieur Dutertre's feet as he ran down-stairs from the garret above—his sleeping apartment. Next came the opening of the green-painted shutters all over the lower part of the house, and then the lift of Dutertre's voice in the courtyard, singing a gay little ditty which ended in "La, la, la," at every verse. After a few minutes, Estelle opened her door and went down-stairs, her letter in her hand. The flicker of a candle—a home-made one stuck in a bottle—and a monotonous swish, swish, guided her to where Madame Dutertre was washing the family linen in a dark little room leading to her tidy kitchen. The door was half-open, and the woman's brown, wrinkled face was lighted up by the illumination from her poor candle, showing, in its red little circle of light out of the dark surrounding shadows, like a picture by Rembrandt, or some stern realistic Flemish painter.

Estelle stood on the threshold and bade her good-day, and laid her letter and some sous down upon the table beyond the reach of the spattering soapsuds.

" I have no stamp," she said. " Will Monsieur Dutertre kindly supply one and dispatch my letter by the very first post?" It is important;" and, although she was beyond the circle of the dim radiance where she stood, and only Madame Dutertre was there to see the warm color flushed to the roots of the girl's chestnut hair as she spoke.

" He will do it, mademoiselle may rest assured," the good woman answered, wiping the soap from her lean, brown arms. " It shall be in good time—the letter," she added, nodding encouragingly to Estelle.

It struck Estelle, as she turned away with her softly-uttered thanks, that Madame Dutertre's face was graver, more care-laden than usual; and, as she passed the window looking into the green court where Mademoiselle Dutertre—plain mademoiselle—sat and sewed all day, with the patient industry Estelle had so often admired, she saw that the young woman's eyes were red with crying. Then Estelle remembered that Florine had told her how Emile, the only son of the family, whose wages as an upholsterer went for so much in the household, was to go that morning to serve his year of exemption, as a good citizen, in the army. She remembered, and turned back with her ever-ready word of sympathy for the mother. Dutertre was just taking her letter from his wife's hand; he doffed his cap and bowed elaborately to the young lady, shrugging his shoulders and deprecating the twenty-sou piece slipped into his hand.

" Ah, there is no need—none! Mademoiselle's commission is a pleasure always," he protested.

Then Estelle stole up-stairs again, with a deep breath of relief that her words of love and trust had passed the first stage on the road to her lover. She stood a moment at her window, looking out on the gray Seine, struggling through the pearl mists of early morning, and she shivered a little in the chilly atmosphere, as yet unwarmed by the sunshine. The excitement of the first few hours had faded out, and she began to be conscious of fatigue. She threw herself as she was upon her bed, and slept the heavy, dreamless sleep of physical and mental exhaustion.

Some hours later she awoke to find the midday sun gilding the ormolu ornaments and lighting up the blue cretonne of her apartment, and Florine on her knees before a traveling trunk, which she had evidently filled from the open drawers before her—Estelle's drawers.

" What is it, Florine?" she exclaimed, starting up. " Where am I going? To—him?" she had almost said, but she checked herself in time. " To England?" she substituted. " Are we going to England?"

" No doubt," the maid replied, promptly. " I know nothing, I—only that madame bade me prepare for a journey without delay—a long journey. Madame's toilet is made, her trunks are ready: there remains only mademoiselle to prepare, and then we go."

In a fever of excitement Estelle sprang from her bed.

" It must be to England," she said to herself. " How good of my aunt! And I had almost thought she, too, was against him!"

" Madame is early in the *salon* this morning," Florine ventured, with her head in the trunk—Florine had her own explanation of this sudden hegira. " She has already received Monsieur le Duc de Grandvilliers."

Monsieur de Grandvilliers! Estelle stared at the lady's maid. She had almost forgotten the duke's existence. He and Madame de Beau-petre's ball and Dorothy Vernon, all seemed as far away as if they had belonged to another state of existence; so much had happened since that they had all faded into the far distance of Estelle's mind. Moreover, the duke's name jarred on her; she felt him to be especially out of place in her new and overpowering circumstances.

She looked down and caught Florine's gaze fixed upon her—an earnest, scrutinizing gaze, full of mute reproach, of doubt, of a regret, which startled her into a sudden suspicion, and sent the blood rushing to her very fingertips. What did this untimely, utterly unprecedented visit of Monsieur de Grandvilliers mean? What did Florine's look mean?

Madame was usually invisible to all the outside world until late in the day. Never before, in all the time she had been with her, had Estelle known her aunt to receive a visitor, especially a gentleman visitor at this hour in the morning. Such a violation of all Madame de Rougemont's habits must portend something serious. And Estelle felt herself growing white and cold at a possible explanation which forced itself upon her. She remembered Tempest's little bursts of jealousy. In spite of the brave, self-confident words with which she had answered him, she did not care just then to have to struggle with Madame de Rougemont's avocacy of a rival, a richer and more fortunate one.

She felt instinctively that the danger Tempest had foreseen and she had treated so lightly might be more real and tangible than she had been ready to allow. And yet this journey! She was surely misjudging her aunt and tormenting herself with foolish fears—fears for which she blushed hotly the next moment.

" The emeralds!" she exclaimed, almost aloud. " Of course he has come to receive his jewels back again. Madame would be anxious to see them safely restored and in his possession before she left home. Oh, it is nothing more than the emeralds!"

And so it seemed, for madame did not allude to the duke's visit when she came, a few minutes later, to hurry Estelle's preparations.

" Our train leaves at three o'clock," she said; " so we have not a moment to lose. We have changed places, you and I, to-day. It is I who am busy and awake, while you, *paresseuse*, have been asleep and dreaming."

After that all was bustle and stir up to the moment of leaving, and Estelle had no time or opportunity to ask questions.

The concierge and his family attended madame and her party to the carriage, and stood at the door to speed her with respectful attention. Dutertre especially was profuse in his civilities to both the ladies, assisting with the baggage and standing in the roadway up to the last, bareheaded, wishing them a fortunate journey and a speedy return.

" By-the-way, Victor," called his wife, as the carriage turned the corner of the street and vanished from their sight. " Didst thou put the letter of mademoiselle safely in the post this morning, say?"

" Rest tranquil, my friend," rejoined her husband; " the letter is safely disposed."

Then, as soon as Madame Dutertre's back was turned, he shrugged his shoulders apologetically, as he picked up a few straws here and a faded leaf there on his way back to the courtyard.

" Well, well, is it not for her own good, the poor little thing? And would I not do the same for my Valerie there? When one is young, one knows not the world. It is for those who are older and wiser, as madame and me, to arrange the affairs. In ten years she will say, 'Monsieur Dutertre was my friend. He was wise, I was foolish. I owe him much.' Monsieur le Duc is not young any longer, but he is rich, he is distinguished, and he is generous. *Parbleu!* He is generous! And the letter can do no harm where it is—in madame's traveling-bag. And it was well that I stopped its journey. 'My good Dutertre!' madame

called me. And the confidence of madame is worth a good five francs from time to time—five francs of which the good wife takes no count—*haha!*"

With which self-gratulatory conclusion Monsieur Dutertre resumed his interrupted occupation of cutting up firewood in the courtyard, and sang over again his merry little song with the "La, la, la" in the refrain.

It was a burning June day, and Woodford Friory slept in the drowsy afternoon heat, like the enchanted castle of the Princess in the fairy tale. Not a breeze moved the heavy air, not a sound disturbed the sleepy stillness. Apparently all the world of Woodford, overcome by the premature sultriness of the early summer weather, was indulging in a *siesta*. The gay Easter party had broken up long since, and the house stood, shrouded in its sun-blinds and muslin curtains, silent and, for all signs of life it betrayed, deserted.

Without, in the pleasure, the dusky branches of the cedar trees drooped like the ebon wings of sleep-laden night over a group gathered beneath their shadow. Tempest Mervyn, with pinched white face and languidly-dropped hands, lay back in an invalid-chair asleep, and, at a few paces from him, on a pile of cushions heaped against the huge trunk of the century-old cedar, sat Christal Melville. Her work lay idly on her lap, her large luminous eyes were fixed with an intent gaze on the sleeping face of the young man. The two were alone.

Tempest had had what the doctors called a relapse, in consequence of the excitement and fatigue of his attendance at the inquest. The trained nurse had again been summoned from London, and now the first stage of his convalescence was intrusted to Christal's care. Sir James was in London attending his parliamentary duties; but Lady Armstrong, kind and generous, had given up the gayeties of the season for herself and her daughters in order to superintend the recovery of her son's friend, and to give him such motherly care as his condition required.

It had been a long, tedious illness; but then, as Mr. Cooper said confidentially to Sir James: "We have to deal with the mind as well as the body, and our prescriptions can't reach the mind. It's the awkwardest sort of case."

Awkward or not, Christal's interest in it was unabated. And she was such an incomparable nurse. It was enough to make a young man content to remain permanently an invalid to have his pillows smoothed by such deft light fingers, his broths and jellies administered by such fair hands, and his slumbers watched by such beautiful eyes as those which were fixed now upon Tempest Mervyn.

It almost seemed as if the slumberer felt the intent gaze fixed upon him, as if it exercised some spell or influence over him which pierced even through the veil of sleep, for he stirred and turned uneasily, his brow contracted, and now and then a low moan escaped from between his convulsed lips.

On one of these occasions Christal rose, approached him noiselessly, and laid her small white palm across his forehead. In an instant his restlessness ceased, the troubled look became calm, and a faint smile played about his mouth.

" Estelle!" he murmured, softly.

Christal's hand dropped as if it had been stung; she turned away hastily, and a quick flash like a lightning gleam escaped from beneath her dark lashes.

" Estelle!" It was the name with which he had awakened from his first long stupor of unconsciousness, which he had murmured more than once since in his sick dreams. And Christal hated that intangible name as she had never hated a living woman.

Now, as she stood there, once more watching her sleeping patient, she pictured to herself with a jealous self-torment the face of the woman who bore that name. A dark, brown French face, with sparkling eyes and white teeth, and red lips, parting always in smile, saucy, coquettish—"the sort of shadowless, soulless woman's face which attracts the young facile fancy before the strong heart has awakened to demand deeper depths of passionate, absorbing love, worthy of its manhood," said Christal to herself, contemptuous of this fancied image of her rival.

And then the young nurse's strong little hands clinched and unclenched, and her lips set themselves in a thin red line. She knew that her fate had come to her and was too strong for her—how or why she could not tell. But the passion she had played with and scorned so often, judging herself too strong and too proud to be its slave, had taken its revenge upon her at last and held her in its strong, sweet grasp, powerless against its power, weak against its strength.

Writhe and struggle as she might, she could not set herself free. Indignation, despair, a fierce scorn of herself, a bitter sweet exultation in the grand power newly developed in her, the great revelation which had come to her, a passionate jealousy of this unknown Estelle—all these followed each other swiftly through her mind as she stood, and a strong resolve shaped itself into a vow

of the Thirty-ninth Infantry, living at Dusseldorf, and a son of Colonel Steuben.

4. Berndt von Steuben, aged twenty-four, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Twenty-third Line, stationed at Rastadt, another of the Colonels sons.

5. Anton von Steuben, aged twenty-three, Lieutenant in the Seventy-ninth Infantry, still another of the Colonels sons and stationed with his father at Hildesheim.

6. Richard von Steuben, aged fifty-four, Royal Grand Forester and Captain of the Landwehr, from Falsenberg.

7. Eugen von Steuben, Captain in the Ninety-eighth Infantry, from Brandenburg, his brother.

With the exception of Berndt and Anton von Steuben, young men of twenty-three and twenty-four, they are all married.

On the part of the Federal Government, Mr. Walker Blaine, son of the Secretary of State, and General Adams, our Minister to Bolivia, were present to welcome the distinguished strangers, on behalf of the State of New York, Messrs. John A. King, Clarence A. Seward, J. Austin Stevens and others of the Reception Committee of Governor Cornell's selection; and as representing the German citizens of New York, Messrs. Carl Schurz, Oswald Ottendorfer, Jesse Seigman, General Schack, Fred. Kuhne, and others. The famous United States steamship "Kearsarge," which carried the German "tricolor"—black, white and red—at its fore, had escorted the "Held," which was handsomely decorated with flags of both nations, from Sandy Hook to Quarantine, and the thundering salutes from the forts gave the descendants of Baron von Steuben an unmusical welcome.

After the formal greeting and welcome, the party were transferred to the "Karsarge," where the German officers received the first hospitalities of their American hosts. The "Karsarge," in passing the various forts, was saluted in due form, and a good many of the passing vessels and public buildings on the islands displayed the German "tricolor."

As the cutter left the "Karsarge," to convey the party to Pier 1, she was greeted by "three times three" from the sailors who had mounted the rigging to give the departing guests a send-off. Carriages were in waiting when the landing was made, and amid the cheers of a large assemblage, the party were driven through Battery Place and up Broadway to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

During the day Central Park was visited, and upon their return to the hotel delegations from various societies, the Historical Society, the German singing associations, and others, called. Herr von Schröder, the German Minister to the United States who came also on the "Held," introduced the officers to the various prominent German-Americans who called.

The scene in front of Turn Hall on Fourth Street later in the evening, while the troops and societies which were to march in the procession were assembling, was a very stirring one. All the streets in the vicinity, Bowery, Second Avenue and Fifth Street, were filled with struggling assemblages. General George von Schack was the Grand Marshal of the procession. The bodies marching were the Eleventh and Fifth Regiments, N. G. S. N. Y., with regimental bands; Battery B, First Division, and with them, in the First Division, veterans bearing torches. The Second Division was composed of Post Koltes, Grand Army of the Republic; the New York Schuetzen Corps De Kalb and Union Army veterans of the late war; the Landwehr Company and a corps of sharpshooters. The Third Division was made up of private societies, the Turnverein, the Krieger-Ausgang, the Schillerbund, the Mozart Verein, and others, with their respective bands of music, and the Turn Cadets. All of the civilian societies and the veterans carried torches. The First Division was commanded by Colonel F. Unbekant, Division Marshal; the Second Division, by Captain Henry Kloster; and the Third Division, by Major Wilhelm Barthmann.

When the line reached its destination at Union Square, it filed by divisions before the platform where the distinguished guests and the committee were assembled, and the troops presented arms, the other bodies making use of the usual form of salute with the palm of the hand. As each division passed it fell back, allowing the next body to pass in review. The different corps were massed finally the one before the other in compact order and the singing societies allowed an opportunity to serenade the strangers. To the strains of the full band they sang with stirring effect "The Watch on the Rhine," in which the assemblage joined. This was followed by the "Marseillaise Hymn" as a compliment to the French visitors, and the chorus was also sung by the crowd generally. Lastly came "Hall Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," which stirred the throng to the greatest enthusiasm. As Post Koltes, Grand Army of the Republic, filed past with their tattered battle-flags, the guests raised their hats in graceful salutation of the evidence of martial valor in the field.

Speeches of welcome were made by Sixth Carl Kauff, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Mayor Grace, on behalf of the city, Alderman Strack, who presented the resolutions passed by the Board of Aldermen; and then the Hon. Carl Schurz, on behalf of the guests, and at their request, expressed to the company their heartfelt thanks for the very generous welcome they had received, and which in warmth and extent surpassed anything they had anticipated would be in store for them.

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.

The centennial celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., is now in progress in accordance with the programme already published in these columns. The index of military and other organizations commenced last week, and the camps have been full of bustle and activity. Light Battery A, of the Second United States Artillery, commanded by Captain A. C. M. Pennington, arrived on the 13th, having marched from Washington to Yorktown, over a portion of the route taken by Washington's army one hundred years ago, a distance of 189 miles, which was accomplished in a little over twelve days, an average of eighteen miles per day, exclusive of two Sundays, when it rested.

The camps of the militia were laid out, under the direction of Lieutenant-colonel W. P. Craighill, of the Engineers, in the order of the admission of their several States to the Union. Those of Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina and New Hampshire form one wing. Then comes a large square for Virginia, which lies at a bend of the general line of the militia camps. New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky and Michigan follow each other towards Yorktown. Delaware is placed opposite Pennsylvania, across Hancock Avenue, with New Jersey next and Georgia opposite, one side of Virginia. The veterans of the Soldiers' Home are close by, near the bluffs of the York River. In front of the Moore House is the Masonic camp, and south of this, between the Masons and Veterans, are the regular troops. The regulars thus have the right, and are followed by the veterans, Georgia, Delaware etc., in the order given, from right to left. The quarters for General Hancock are on the crest of the bluff, in the camp of the regulars. The grand parade-ground is about 4,000 feet long and 1,000 wide, adjoining the Yorktown wing of the militia camps, and separated from the bluffs by the reserve of the Centennial Association, part of which may be available for evolutions.

The ships-of-war which arrived during the week were assigned to position on a line running from west to east in the river, just abreast of the town, and the two French vessels were placed on the left of line, near the Yorktown shore. The fleet consisted of fourteen naval vessels, exclusive of dispatch-boats, tenders and tugs, with the flag-ship "Tennessee" in the centre. On the morning of the 18th, when the celebration began with the laying

of the corner-stone of the monument, all the vessels of the squadron were dressed in rainbow hues at sunrise, with the French ensign at the fore and the United States ensign at the main and mizzen. At a signal from the flagship a national salute was fired from every vessel. In the evening at seven o'clock of the same day the vessels were dressed with lanterns, two at each lower yardarm, two at each topsail yardarm, one at each topgallant yardarm, two at under flying jibboom ends and two at each gaff end. The arrangements provided that, on the arrival of the President, the United States ensign should be displayed at the main on board of every vessel, the yards manned, and simultaneously with the flagship, a salute of twenty-one guns fired from every vessel.

On the 21st the naval vessels participating in the Centennial celebration will be reviewed by the President. The vessels are ordered to be in readiness on that day for such inspection as the President may direct. He will be received with yards manned and crews at quarters. The exercises in the morning may consist, as directed by the President, of inspection, clearing the ship for action, general quarters, target practice with great guns, abandoning ship, exercises of sails and spars, landing for distant service; and the afternoon exercises may consist of a boat review and torpedo practice. The torpedo-boat exercises will be an interesting feature of the occasion.

The arrangements for the accommodation of distinguished visitors have not been as complete as they might be, and there has been a good deal of complaint in consequence. The old Nelson House—one of the most historic buildings in the place—was rented by the Government for \$500. This structure belongs to Miss Nelson, a descendant of the old colonial Governor. It presents about the same appearance it did probably when Cornwallis surrendered, just one hundred years ago. The Moore House, the building in which the terms of capitulation were agreed upon and signed by the commanders of the British and American armies, has been given several coats of paint, and presents quite a neat appearance. This will be occupied by the distinguished French visitors. The interior of the old house has been remodeled, and the chambers, halls, dining-room and reception-room handsomely furnished and fitted up. The carpets in the reception-room and several of the chambers are luxurious. The building is a long two-story and a half gable-roofed frame house. The dining-room is about twenty-by-thirty-five feet. The walls of this room are also wainscoted.

Speculating in Food Supplies.

GAMBLING in food products has in a great measure succeeded the gambling in gold, which brought so much scandal and damage during the war. The headquarters of this kind of speculation are in Chicago, as those of the gold gamblers were in Wall Street; but the wealth and contrivances that are engaged in it come from every quarter, as the flagitious rascaldom of Europe flows to Monaco. Within the last few days the forcing up of the price of food products has reached a climax. The Chicago Tribune says that there are now accumulated in the elevators and bins of that city nine millions of bushels of corn, the price of which has been forced up by speculation and "cornering" until it is beyond a shipping rate—as, for instance, a grade of corn which is held in Chicago at 76 cents is worth only 73 cents in New York ready for shipping. Upon this the Providence Journal remarks: "Such a condition of things as this is, of course, purely the result of speculation of the same sort and kind as that which made the memorable Black Friday in gold. That it has been attended by the same scandalous results, the repudiation of contracts and the ruin of hundreds who put faith in the leading operators, is one of the least of its evils, for it may be said on general terms that any one who will engage in a speculation that involves an increase in the price of the necessities of life is not entitled to sympathy when he loses, and that he might as well expect honor among bunko men as among grain speculators. But it involves, also, a serious infliction on the rest of the country. Not only has there been a corner upon corn, but upon wheat, beef, pork, lard, and all the staple food products of the West. What that means is an increased price in the necessities of life in every grocery in the land, and the poor man, who has had to pay a few cents more for his breakfast, which he can hardly spare, owes it to the speculators, who have been gambling in margins, which represent no more to them than the counters of the faro bank, but which mean pinch and distress to the poor all over the land, and a percentage of expense to everybody. The evil is one which it is not easy to remedy by legislation, but it is of such importance and is likely to be of such permanence that one should be sought. It is made a statutory crime to gamble by cards, and there should be an attempt to frustrate the speculation in food products which do not involve actual transactions in substance as in form, and are really legitimate commercial operations. So much would be a relief to the indiscriminate gambling now prevailing, and decided action by the Board of Trade, repudiating all such dealings, would reduce them to the less dangerous qualities of those dealing which are beyond the protection of the law or the tolerance of public opinion. If the present scandalous exhibition shall be the means of some such action as this, it will be a blessing in disguise."

The Streets of Athens.

THE population of Athens is said to be orderly, peaceable and moral to an unusual degree. A correspondent, who has lived long in the city, reports that he has never seen a disturbance in the streets. The natural situation of Athens, too, is favorable to public cleanliness and health, so that with little difficulty it might be a singularly wholesome and happy city. But, owing to popular carelessness and police neglect, the streets are as filthy as they are quiet; and, as a result, the warm weather of the past summer produced an epidemic of typhoidal fevers. The correspondent referred to, writing not long ago to the London Times, thus described the condition of affairs: "The butchers have been allowed to fling their offal into the streets, and dead cats and dogs are of not infrequent occurrence. Piles of fermenting rubbish lie in the vacant space and around the outskirts of the city. There is no system of drainage, and none of emptying the cesspools into which the house-drains pour, only one of the principal streets having a main drain, and this having no traps; and, though the police have full authority to examine the drainage of each house, no houses are ever examined, and the cesspools filter off into the surrounding earth. The law requires rigid inspection of the abattoirs and butcher shops; but, as the police have political duties, and must be on good terms with the constituency, the shopkeepers are never annoyed, nor are the shops inspected; and, though to-day there is, from the panic prevailing, a cleaning of the outside of the platter, the inside is not, and, in this intense heat, cannot now be safely disturbed."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Marriage at Carlsruhe.—The nuptials of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway with the daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden were celebrated at Carlsruhe, Baden, on September 20th. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, the bride's grandparents, the King and Queen of Sweden, and the Imperial

Crown Prince of Germany, were present. On the day previous the bride and bridegroom privately went through the civil ceremony of marriage before the Minister of State, and immediately afterwards repaired to the palace chapel, which was filled with a brilliant crowd of privileged persons. The formal ceremony was short and simple. At the exchange of rings a salute of thirty-six guns began to be fired, and at the close of the ceremony the clergyman presented the couple with a Bible. The wedded pair then stepped aside, and the bride's parents, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, ratified, according to German custom, their own wedding of twenty-five years standing. Our illustration represents the reception given the King of Sweden on his arrival at Carlsruhe, and the Summer residence of the Crown Prince of the double kingdom.

Major Pinto's Trip across Africa.

Major Serpa Pinto, an officer of considerable service in the army of Portugal, has lately completed the transit of Africa, under the auspices of his Government. His direction lay in the southern part of the dark continent. He started from Benguela, an important trading post on the west coast, some 12½ degrees south of the equator, on November 12th, 1877, and did not again see the Atlantic Ocean until he saw it at Bordeaux on his return to civilization. On his long journey he met Stanley, Dr. Coillard, the French missionary, Dr. Benj. F. Bradshaw, Mr. Alexander Walsh, Silva Porto, the veteran African trader, and other people noted for their equatorial travels. Like all explorers of Central Africa, he met with innumerable hardships, sustained a dangerous attack of fever, lost many of his followers by death and desertion, and suffered from the treachery of others. Being an expert swimmer, a capital shot, a slight-of-hand performer, and a man of practical mechanical resources, he succeeded much better than many others have done in obtaining the friendship and assistance of the native tribes. At Lisala, after being graciously received by King Lobosa and his chief counselor Gamella, a treacherous follower precipitated a difficulty which resulted in the burial of his hut by the natives, and a pitched battle in which he soon scattered the negroes with his European rifles. On his return to Portugal he was decorated by King Luis, while receptions were given in his honor by the geographical societies of Lisbon, Madrid and Paris.

French Troops Encamped in the old Water Cisterns of Carthage.

The recent invasion of the territory of Tunis brings new and old civilizations in contact. Our illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Dick, a special artist with the French corps, shows troops of the invading army taking up their quarters in the massive arches, which, in their ruined state, show how ancient Carthage constructed immense cisterns, or storage reservoirs, to hold a water supply for the citizens. In Africa, where draughts prevail, water must be judiciously guarded and kept, and on the forecast of the Government to insure a supply depends in no small degree the prosperity of a district. We can learn a lesson, too, for the proper management of some of our southwestern Territories where it will be idle to depend on rain. France is not indifferent to these ancient remains, and excavations under competent direction, in Algeria and Tunis, are already bringing to light historical, artistic and religious relics of the Phoenician and Roman periods.

The English Princess at New South Wales.

Having given several views of incidents connected with the presence of the sons of the Prince of Wales at the Antipodes, we close the notices of this event with an illustration of its most interesting feature, the laying of the foundation-stone of the pedestal for Marshall Wood's statue of the Queen. This ceremony took place on August 2d, in the rear of the top of King Street, opposite St. James's Church, Sydney. The stone was laid by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Her Majesty's grandson. There was a procession composed of schoolchildren and members of Friendly Societies, who, in passing the prince, sang, "God save the Queen" and "God bless the Prince of Wales."

The Citadel at Cairo.

The apparently critical situation of the Government of His Highness Tewfik Pasha, Khédive of Egypt, in presence of a rebellious military interest, whose demonstration has already been noticed, may be considered still likely to give fresh interest to our views of the capital city. The ancient Citadel, built by Saladin, and rebuilt or restored by Mohammed Ali, founder of the present ruling family, was the scene of that ferocious deed, the massacre of the Mameluke Beys, by which Mohammed Ali established his power in Egypt. Having invited them to a feast and friendly conference, when they were parading on horseback in the court of the Citadel, he ordered the gates to be suddenly closed upon them, and had them all mercilessly shot down by the surrounding troops of his soldiery. The only one of the Mamelukes who escaped was Emin Bey. He spurred his horse over a heap of his slaughtered comrades, and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dangerous height, but in a moment he took the leap, and the next moment he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amidst a shower of bullets flying around him. Emin Bey escaped, and found safety in the sanctuary of a mosque, and afterwards in the desert of Thebaid.

The Swiss Landslip.

The month of September is notable in Switzerland for landslips, and that which occurred on the 11th ultimo was one of the severest on record. The heavy rains of the preceding few weeks softened the rocks on the slopes of the Plattenberg Mountain, at the foot of which, at a height of 3,330 feet, was situated the village of Elm, now almost completely destroyed by the landslip. The clay-slate quarries which were worked upon the same slope divided the masses of the rocks into large pieces, whilst the frequent earthquakes of the last months gave rise to large crevices in the slates and limestones. Already on September 9th it was perceived that the soil at the quarry was in slow motion, and a house situated immediately below was evacuated. Two days later, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, it was seen that the forest on the slope of the mountain began to move, the trees being bent like a field of corn during a strong wind; they then rushed down, together with the rocks situated above the quarry, breaking up into thousands of pieces. This formidable stone avalanche reached the village, the trees were bent like straw, and the houses moved by the pressure of air pushed by the landslip. Men and houses were thrown on the opposite side of the valley, smashed against rocks, and buried by the landslip, which, as in the catastrophe of the Rossberg, crossed the valley and rose up hill on its opposite side. The first landslip destroyed that part of the Elm Commune which is named Unterthal; but a second one followed immediately, destroying the village, and throwing the houses on the opposite side of the valley, one kilometre wide. The picturesque valley of Unterthal is now covered with a mass of mud, earth and stones, thirty to forty metres thick, on the surface of which are seen blocks of the size of a house. The length of the landslip is about two kilometres, and the opposite side of the valley is covered with stones and blocks on a space of about 100 metres. The Sennf River, which flows in the valley, is barred by the debris, and has formed a small lake. The number of persons killed is about 100. Another small landslip occurred on the following day.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The Garfield Fund up to Saturday last amounted to \$339,540.

—The King of Siam has appointed a London goldsmith jeweler to the royal court.

—As a result of Sitting Bull's surrender buffaloes are again appearing on the Northern plains.

—The original manuscript of Mozart's "Requiem" has, it is stated, been found in Berlin.

—This plan to build a great American hotel on the Thames Embankment, London, has been abandoned.

—The Industrial League of America have called a National Tariff Convention to be held in Chicago on November 15th.

—A company has been incorporated in Paris, with a capital of £500,000, for the establishment of an American Exchange.

—ILLINOIS has 700,000 bushels of corn in store. Winter wheat shows a decrease of 7,043,500 on the crop of 12,337,773 in 1880.

—The Mexican Government has appointed seven commissioners to arrange a basis for a commercial treaty with the United States.

—WOLVES are already appearing in great numbers in the east of France. A pack recently devoured fifteen sheep and a goat close to a country house.

—The trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have during the past year applied most of the income to normal instruction. Texas has received the largest amount—\$10,800.

—GERMANY and Austria have agreed to fresh proposals made by Russia in regard to the extradition of political criminals. Negotiations with France on the subject are proceeding.

—WASHINGTON BUTCHER'S Sons, an old Philadelphia firm, has suspended payment, with liabilities of over \$1,000,000 in consequence of unfortunate grain speculations in Chicago.

—The Khédive of Egypt has refused to entertain the demand of the Turkish delegates for a court of inquiry into the general condition of the country. England and France are working in alliance in the interest of peace.

—It is said on good authority that the negotiations have been resumed for an interview between King Humbert, of Italy, and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. It is reported that the Emperor Francis Joseph will meet the Czar shortly.

—After having paid expenses and railroad subventions, the Mexican Treasury has \$1,200,000. The custom-house receipts at Vera Cruz for the month of September amounted to over \$1,000,000, against \$600,000 for the same month last year.

—At a school district election in Fayetteville, Onondaga County, last week, a direct issue was made on the question of woman's rights, whose candidate was chosen. This is the women's second victory in that place, giving them control of the school board.

—The New York State Board of Health has just issued to teachers a judicious circular asking for detailed information in regard to the sanitary arrangements of the school-houses and the effects of study and school discipline and management on the pupils.

—OWING to the severe frosts in Ocean County, New Jersey, the cranberries have been so badly damaged that many of the owners of bogs have discharged their hands and abandoned the picking of the crop. In other cases the estimated loss is from one-third to one-half of the crop.

—The remnants of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition have been sold by auction. The great organ, which cost £20,000, went for \$5,000, and it is to be removed to a Boston fair building. The largest mirror in the world, 11 by 18 feet, in one plate, originally costing \$5,000, was bought by a saloon keeper for \$900.

—The work on the Hudson River tunnel, in Jersey City, is progressing rapidly. The north base has been finished for a distance of 700 feet under the river, and the south base 500 feet. The old air locks are being removed for use on the New York side. The old bulk heads in the working shaft are being cleared away. As soon as this is finished work on the section under the city will begin.

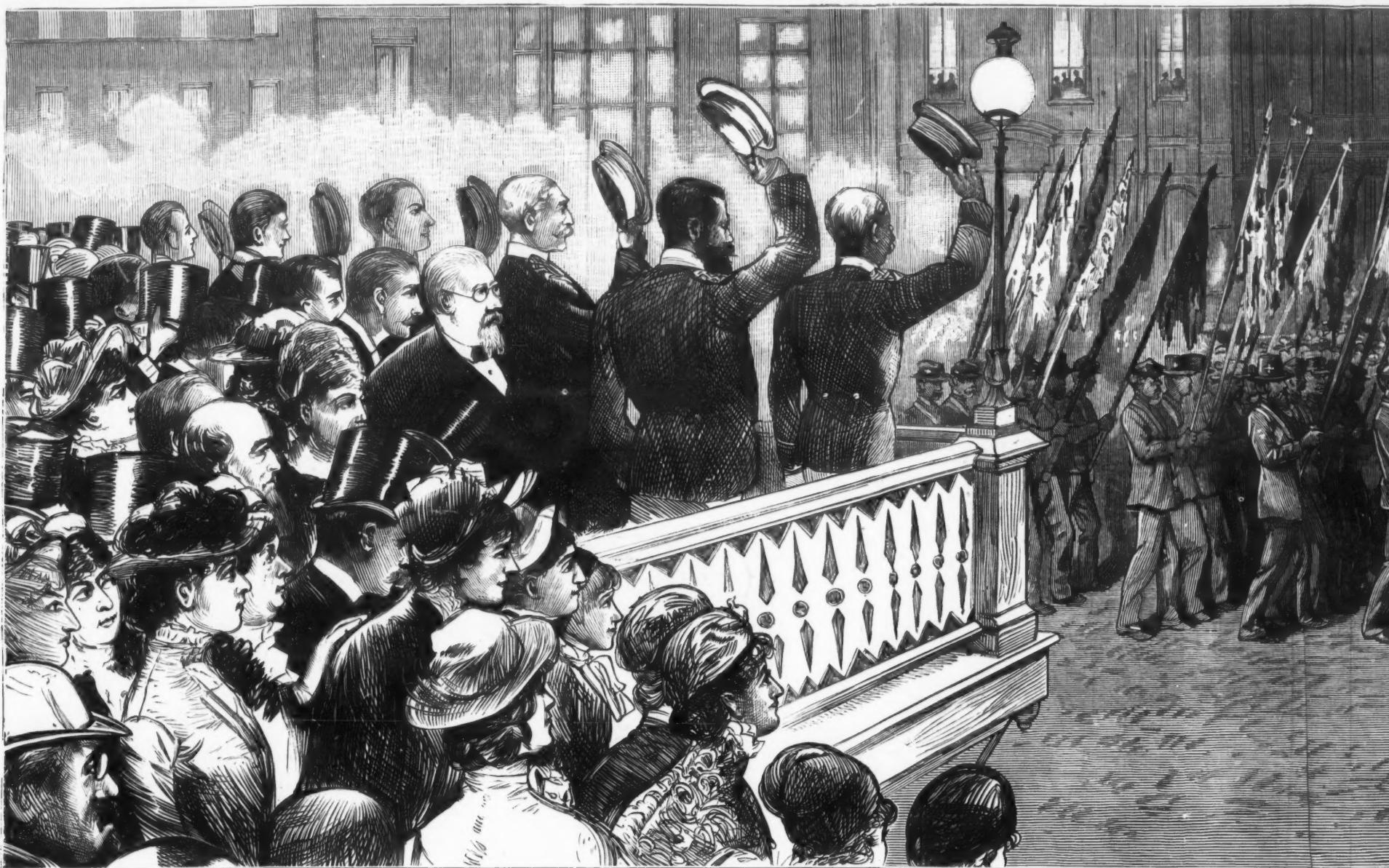
—The present Education Minister in Italy is meditating the total abolition of art academies in that country. The buildings are to be turned into galleries and museums, and their educational functions to be left to private institutions independent of the State. The young artists of Rome lately presented a memorial to the Minister, asserting that academic instruction is incompetent to train artists, and that the sums spent upon it by the State are wasted.

—The victory of the American horse Foxhall in the race for the Cesarewitch Stakes and the Select Stakes at Newmarket, England, last week, fully caps the climax of a series of unparalleled victories on the foreign turf. Iroquois won the Derby and the St. Leger, and Foxhall, who carried off the Prix de Paris, has added the Cesarewitch and the Select to his other conquests. It begins to look as if America produced the best type of quadrupeds as well as bipeds.

—ABOUT forty per cent. of the Virginia cotton crop has been gathered. The yield averages so far about twenty-five per cent. less than last year, about 600 pounds of seed cotton per acre. In South Carolina the yield is twenty-five to forty per cent. less than last year, in Texas forty per cent. less, in Louisiana thirty-five per cent. less, in Mississippi twenty-five per cent. less, in Arkansas over fifty per cent. less. The most general cause of the decreased crops is the drought.

—The trustees of President Garfield's estate will assume that the estate is responsible for the expenses of the President's illness and death, and ask the doctors to present their bills. Whether Congress will take action is the matter remains to be seen. The property left by the late President consists of the Washington home, the Mentor estate, a half interest in some Virginia land, worth about \$1,500, a little Chicago real estate of small value, some mining stocks, and the life insurance.

—THE civil service reform issue has taken serious hold in Connecticut, and a State convention will be held at New Haven on the 25th. The movement is indorsed by



THE RECEPTION OF THE GERMAN GUESTS OF THE NATION BY THE NATIONAL, MUNICIPAL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES AND SINGING SOCIETIES AT NEW YORK, 1881.



1. Masonic Encampment. 2. Pavilion. 3. Moore House. 4. Military Encampment. 5. Old Custom House.

GENERAL VIEW OF YORKTOWN—THE GREAT MILITARY CAMP AND THE ROADSTEAD—THE ARRIVAL

CENTENNIAL OF LORD CORNWALLIS'S



NEW YORK, ON THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 13TH—GEN. STEUBEN'S DESCENDANTS SALUTING THE BATTLE-FLAGS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—SEE PAGE 150.



Custom House. 6. Nelson House. 7. Lafayette Hall. 8. Site of Monument. 9. Old Church, with Nelson Tombs.

THE ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

VALLI'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN, VA.

FICKLE AND TRUE.

"WE never can forget," said they,
"The friend that dies. By night or day
Our hearts will turn to him, and call
The name so dear to us, and all
The world will in a shadow be,
Because his face we cannot see—
Because we can no longer touch
The hands we love and miss so much."

But one sat silent, and no word
Told that what others said was heard
By him. His thoughtful eyes were turned
To where the sunset glory burned
Above the mountain's purple peak.
"And you?" I said. He did not speak,
But laid his hand in mine, and gave
A look that haunts me in my grave.

I died! They made beneath the sod
So far from earth, so close to God,
A low grave for me, and they said
Their words of sorrow for the dead.
I heard them weeping over me,
"Ah, they will often come to see
My grave, and talk with me," I said,
"They'll not forget the friend that's dead."

The long, still hours have come and gone
With naught to me of dusk or dawn.
Of all who talked, that Summer day,
Of friendship, none have come this way,
To linger by my grave, and take
A flower from it for the sake
Of days gone by. I am forgot
By those who would forget me not.

But he who spoke not of his love
Comes hither, and my grave above
He kneels, and tells me tenderly
Of what he lost in losing me.
Of how he misses, every day,
The face the grave-grass hides away
Oh, friend, with heart so warm and true,
How near I am to God and you!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

A DAUGHTER OF DESTINY.

BY H. WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Spring went by quickly, my plans seeming to ripen as the buds grew and blossomed. Everything gave rich promise of fruition in after-time. The Pendlehursts went back to Manchester for a few months, but returned in April. Yet, whether at the hall or not, Sir Alwyn found time to ride or walk over to the parsonage every week, where he soon won over the simple rector by lavish gifts for the poor, for the church, for the mission schools, for anything and everything where money was needed. He insisted upon his mother and cousin occupying the family pew at the church, although it had been empty since the death of his father.

The rector astonished me one day, when we met in the garden, by patting my head as he chuckled. "He is an excellent Christian and a true gentleman. Bless you, my child, bless you!" and he wandered away, leaving me wondering whether even he took it for granted.

Mrs. Marslow said nothing. She could not object to Sir Alwyn's attentions to me, but she was far from cordial to him. Sometimes I caught her eye glancing from Ralph to me, as if she were trying to discover some secret which she seemed to suspect was the cause of his condition; for, as the Spring wore on, Ralph became thinner and weaker, a hacking cough grew harder, week by week.

"A bad cold; I will be all right, aunty, when it grows warmer!" he would say to her, with a wan smile, as she bent over him anxiously.

She suffered almost as much as he did, watching over and grieving for him day and night. He sat in the large chair in the study the greater part of the time, gazing into vacancy. He rarely looked at me, and rarely spoke. Sometimes he would grow white, his thin hands grasping the chair, as he saw Sir Alwyn striding up the walk with some book or sheet of music in his hand for me, or as we started off together on one of the many walks or rides through the neighboring country in the fresh Spring weather. Sometimes, when we were out thus together, we saw him wandering through the fields, his head bent down, his hands clasped behind him.

"That sullen boy," as Sir Alwyn called him, quite appropriately.

It was a fine revenge upon him! I remembered his words in the garden that day when he came back, and did not spare him. But I grew tired of it soon, and left him alone altogether. What was the use of taking the trouble to let him know of all that Sir Alwyn said or did—of letting him see how swiftly the end was coming? He saw and knew only too much for his happiness, as it was, and so I grew merciful and did not, as it were, grind salt into his wounds. There was another, also, to whom the Spring did not seem to bring gladness.

Miss Alice Graham, "his loving cousin," as I called her, which did not seem to please him, for he generally scowled and grew uneasy; once even bursting out into an oath, and sharply requesting me not to allude to her again, for which he apologized the next moment; but I heeded his wishes and spoke no more of her. Soon she came to church no more. The ventilation was not good, and her head pained her violently after attending service there, she said. So I was deprived of the pleasure of her presence at my triumph. Still, I saw her sometimes at the Hall, and her cold, thin face grew colder and thinner each time. For her I had no mercy. Why should I? I had congratulated myself that I had won the heart of Lady Pendlehurst the night of the ball. Indeed, I think I should have done so, had it not been for her niece. But her influence was far more powerful than mine, and soon his mother grew to look upon me with dislike and sus-

picion. As the time went on I saw that she could not have had any knowledge of my early life, for if she had, or could have obtained any, she would have used it against me long ago. Her words at the ball must have been meaningless of any reference to me. I had been too easily alarmed. Thus I dismissed my fears, my suspicions, and lulled myself into a security from which I was soon to have a terrible awakening. It was a great relief to me when I finally felt assured that there was no cause of fear from her for Sir Alwyn, whom I soon learned to read perfectly. Possessed of considerable ability, which he was too indolent to exert, he was, without, a perfect gentleman if he wished to be—with, a compound of roughness, brutality, arrogance: an utter brute whom I detested, from whom I shrank with loathing; a strange combination of a Mirabeau and a Marat. There was, however, one thing which kept down the evil of his nature, or at least restrained him from letting it be known to the world, and that was his pride of birth, his respect for his name which amounted to almost a monomania, although his title reached no further back than his grandfather, who had been the first knighted.

Lady Pendlehurst was the daughter of a penniless earl, who, with a wretchedly small estate and a ruined castle in Northumberland, claimed position among the foremost of the nobility, being descended in a direct line from one of the Norman barons, who accompanied William in his pleasant little excursion to our island.

So, I suppose from his birth he had been taught to worship blood, family, rank—everything ridiculous and hateful to me once, but still what I had always longed for, envied, dreamed of as perhaps mine. And now, when I thought of my wearing a coronet, bearing his name, the mistress of Pendlehurst Hall, I kissed my face in the glass. I had soon read my victory over him. From that night he had loved me, and I saw complacently that his passion grew stronger day by day, until he would tremble like a hound if I frowned, be glad like some tiger at play if I smiled upon him. It was a triumph in which I gloried night and day, that I, a child in years and in experience of the world, had caught within my thralls such a rôlé, wearied of despising, sated with woman, as he had known her. He thought me Una. I knew him to be the lion, a chief among beasts. He worshiped me, thinking me innocent, childlike, pure—an angel. I despised him, knowing him to be old in crime, in debauchery, in all evil known to men; and yet I saw, with strong delight, with keen anticipation, that, whenever she wished, the lion would bear Una away upon his back to make her the queen of his wild kingdom, to seat her upon a throne made of the bones of his victims. Yet occasionally I felt a vague fear, an uncertainty, for there were times when he would be silent, morose, almost repellent; when he would look at me in a way that made me feel as if he was weighing me, and comparing my value with—what? Not with his cousin, surely, for I had taken care that he should hate her, and had succeeded without much difficulty, for he seemed never to have loved her. "What was it that sometimes rose between us, which made him then strive to forsake me?" Whatever it might be, it did not prevail. I held him too fast for that. These paroxysms were but rare, and after they had passed, I felt more sure of my power than before. He could not escape me, forget me, leave me. Yet, if he only knew that I was a murderer's daughter! I laughed within me when he talked of birth—of blood. The world was only a great masquerade. If one was only well enough disguised, one could pass for a king, a saint, a devil, as they pleased.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was May, that day when I awoke to find my mask transparent, and that my face behind had betrayed me. A warm May afternoon, with sky unflecked by clouds, the air sweet with blossoms, the earth a beautiful thing of green and gold, of leaf and flower. I had been riding upon Abdallah through the lanes, across the fields, through the copse of the great park which surrounded the Hall, stretching down gently towards where the town lay. Sir Alwyn had been called to Manchester that morning, and I was left to take our daily ride alone. As I reached the end of a lane between high hedges, the view of the valley before me suddenly opened. Beneath lay the fields between me and the town, which seemed asleep in the hazy sunshine. Beyond, upon a slight elevation, rose the tower of our church. I could even see the steep roof of our red brick parsonage, with its little dormer windows, which always seemed to look at me suspiciously, like a ferret's eyes. Still further beyond rose the blue hills, which stretched onward towards Manchester. A desire came to walk back. I was tired of always riding. Calling Sir Alwyn's groom, who followed me, I gave him Abdallah and sent him back to the Hall, then set out by a roundabout path, which would avoid the village, towards the parsonage. My riding-dress was scarcely the thing to walk in, but no one would see me whom I knew. It was only three miles. I could do it in an hour. I had been walking for perhaps ten minutes, when my path began to look unfamiliar. Upon one side was a dense copse, upon the other a wall of thickly-leaved bushes, in the midst of which, here and there, I could see the boards of an old wood fence. The ground was covered with turf, the path being evidently not much used. Could I have missed my way? Ahead it seemed to end in a wall of green. I stopped and deliberated whether I should go back or onwards. It was annoying to have to retrace my way. The sun was warmer, walking, than I had expected, and I had chosen this route for the greater shade and solitude it would afford. It went back; I would have to take the open road. A small stone lay before me on the grass. I struck it

with my foot, irritated at my stupidity. The pebble was driven into the wall of bushes and disappeared, but I started and looked after it curiously, for I could hear a sound as if it was falling, striking against the rocky sides of some precipice. Was I growing nervous? Stepping to the bushes I put them aside, but recoiled quickly. I was standing on the edge of a pit which seemed to go down an unfathomable distance, until it was lost in the darkness. The sides were covered with bushes for some yards down. I wondered curiously what it was: then I remembered. It must be one of the two shafts that Sir Alwyn's father had sunk upon his estate in a vain search for coal. I had heard him sneeringly speak of the failure as "one of his father's profitable little experiments," which he was always making in his unending struggle for greater wealth. I stepped back to the centre of the path. The branches sprang back to their former positions. No one would have suspected the existence of such a *descensus averni* in the midst of such an elysium. I looked onwards down the path: the old question as to my route, which had been forgotten a moment, now rose again, as I had about decided to turn back, when a figure appeared, coming apparently from the wall of green ahead. I saw then that the path must turn abruptly to one side, and was about to proceed, but stopped suddenly. The figure approaching was that of Miss Graham, with head bent down. She was dressed in a plain traveling suit, a small satchel in her hand, evidently just returning from some journey. I stood quietly awaiting her approach. I had not seen her for more than a week, and had known nothing of her departure. As she neared me she looked up, and a smile which made me start passed over her face, it was so full of triumphant hate.

I bowed.

"You are just coming from town; have you been away?"

"Yes. I ran down to Manchester yesterday. It was such a lovely day I thought I would walk up from the depot."

I felt a vague alarm. What had happened to cause her such joy, to fill her with such triumph as gleamed from her eyes?

"And you?" she asked. "Has your horse thrown you? Where is he?"

"I, too, thought it a beautiful day, and sent Abdallah back to the Hall with the groom, and am walking home."

"A very good idea. And now, my dear Miss Marslow, as a friend I should advise you to let him stay there. I do not think these afternoon rides good for you, and, besides, I shall want him myself hereafter."

There was a peculiar emphasis upon my name, a scarce-concealed insolence of tone and manner, which terrified me. There was something behind it—what was it? The old fear of her suspicioning my birth returned with redoubled force. But I drove it back. She could do no more than suspect, and she would not dare to use mere suspicions against me. I looked at her boldly.

She laughed.

"Yes, but suppose I prefer Abdallah? He contrasts well with my cousin's black, and it would be a pity to break the effect."

I looked at her with rising fear and anger. Her insolence was becoming unendurable.

"I was not aware that your cousin intended to honor you with his company in the future."

"That is quite possible," she answered, tranquilly, slowly swinging the bag back and forth in her hand. "But the time is coming now when he will understand the wisdom of breaking whatever unions with others he may have formed, and devoting himself to his betrothed wife. He will soon be twenty-seven."

I gazed at her with an amazement I could not repress, but the next moment burst into laughter. The fool, to think he would remember any engagement with her which he had made before I came! She read my thoughts, but her face did not change.

"Pardon me," I said, with a bland smile. "I was not aware there was an engagement between you. How long, may I ask, has it lasted?"

"Since his father died. I was a great favorite of his; and in his will—Have you not heard about his will? I thought every one knew of that." The smile upon my face died away. This was a new complication. "Yes, his father, rather oddly, made it a condition of his inheriting the property that he should marry me before he was twenty-seven. If he did not, it was to go to some distant relatives, after Lady Pendlehurst died. Poor man! he did not trust his son much. I suppose he thought that my influence over him would be a restraint from the many improprieties which his nature would otherwise drive him into. He always said that he feared Alwyn would fall into the toils of some *vene or adventuress*."

She smiled sweetly at me as she looked into my eyes, before which a mist was falling. This was the cause of what had aroused my curiosity and apprehension.

In those moods of his, he had been struggling between his love for me and his love for her estate—for position, for wealth. But my influence had always conquered—that I remembered. He had evidently weighed it well, and his choice had each time been me!

By a great effort I gave no sign of the torture which my smiling cold-eyed tormentor was inflicting, and looked at her calmly.

"But, my dear Miss Graham, have you never thought it might be possible that Sir Alwyn, since his father died, had grown to love some one else enough to willingly sacrifice the estate, to let the alternative of the will take place, if, by doing so, he would gain what was to him far more precious?"

My shaft struck home. She grew pale. Her lips closed tightly. But her eyes did not flinch, and in another moment she was smiling again.

"In that case, I only hope that the one whom he chooses will be worthy of so great a sacrifice." There was a new ring in her voice, more steely gleam in her eyes. My triumph was short-lived. What had she held in reserve? "One who is worthy to bear the name of Pendlehurst, whose blood is free from taint, whose honor is unspotted, whose history is known to all to be beyond reproach," she continued slowly. It was as I feared at first. I could not answer, but simply bowed my head in assent. "It is quite useless, Miss Marslow, to waste further time here. I am delaying you. Return to the parsonage; but, before we part, I would like to tell you of a case which has been called to my attention lately, of one of the mill hands of Manchester, for whom, as a class, if you remember, I have the greatest sympathy. This person, a girl, I first saw four years ago, while Lady Pendlehurst and myself were driving through one of the principal streets of the city. Our carriage nearly ran over her; but instead of showing any fear at her danger, she scowled up at us with a look of hatred which distorted her otherwise really beautiful face, with its strange combination of fair complexion, blue eyes and dark hair. She was dressed in an old calico gown, with miserable shoes and no bonnet. Her hair was unkempt. But in spite of all this, there was a grace of movement, an intelligence of face, a force of personality, about her which impressed itself upon me. I do not readily forget faces. A few days after—a chilly, gray afternoon—we chanced to be driving out of town, and passed a lonely graveyard in the suburbs. It was a paupers' burying-ground. There were two coffins resting on biers beside an open grave, and four children standing near it. The tallest of these I recognized as the girl we had nearly run down in Lambeth Street. We stopped and learned from the undertaker the particulars of the affair. It was a shocking thing—a murder and a suicide. As we went on, I left some money for her. I hope it made her feel better, for she looked utterly miserable, poor thing!"

She stopped for a moment to enjoy the effect of her words. A sickening tremor had crept through me at the first of them. I saw it now. Her memory had been better than mine. She had remembered me and I had forgotten her, the fragile, colorless girl in the carriage. The sunlight seemed like fire. The air was too heavy to breathe. I moved back, almost staggering, to the shade of the copse, leaving her standing by the bushes at the edge of the pit, as I murmured:

"Go on; this does not interest me!"

"Does it not?" she asked. "Pray be patient, the interesting part is coming. That was four years ago. I often thought of her, wondered what fate had befallen her, shuddered at the end which I knew was waiting for every woman with a face like hers—there, among the mills of Manchester. But I might have saved my sympathy. It is difficult to cage a snake. She slipped between the bars, and a year after appeared here, the supposed daughter of a rector in this place, a gentleman greatly loved and respected by his parishioners. How she had gained his confidence and induced him to adopt her I do not know, but it must have been by some deception. He would never have taken to his house a murderer's daughter. I was not aware of her change of fortune, however, until last year, when I chanced to meet and recognize her. Astonished by her appearance, I watched her, and was forced to admire the ability she had displayed. To raise oneself from the gutter to be the beautiful, accomplished, charming daughter of a minister of the Church of England, surely was admirable! But soon I perceived that she was dangerous to the happiness of one whom I loved; that she was winding around him invisible threads which gradually drew him to her, until he was fast becoming her slave. Then I roused myself and strove to counteract her influence over him. But it was too late. Neither myself nor his mother was of the slightest value to him now. I was cast off—thrown aside. Then I turned to other means, and, to day, I have found them!"

She looked at me with a gallant triumph in tone and face as she slowly turned the screws of the rack upon which I was stretched. As she stopped I laughed wildly. My nerves were giving away.

"He will not believe you! He will cast you off for ever—hate you and come to me!"

"I was not aware when I first met you here," she answered, with a sneer, "that you loved him, or that you were willing to marry him for himself. I thought it was that which he will lose the day he takes you for his wife which you were scheming for. However, since I am mistaken, I am forced to show you what other chasm lay between you, and warn you lest you fall into it."

"He will not believe you; he will come to me," I repeated more calmly, as I recovered myself.

She looked at me contemptuously.

"Unhappily for you, I have here in this bag the history of your life, as well as it could be learned, substantiated by several papers. I have long been seeking for it, pursuing my investigations so quietly that no one has suspected their purpose, nor the one against whom I was laboring. I wished a power over you that no one could share or anticipate me in showing you. The chain of evidence was not complete yesterday. To-day it is perfect. It lacks nothing. I have found that your father and mother were not married until after you were born. I have here in this bag a copy of the mystery of the marriage, also of your birth, taken from the registry of the Women's Hospital of Manchester. I have the newspapers which chronicled from time to time the petty crimes of your father, who was

well known to the authorities; also that which narrates his last and greatest—the murder of your mother, and his death in trying to escape. I have the copies of the police report containing the description of the four children, particularly of yourself, being the eldest. I can, if necessary, produce the policeman who arrested you that night when you met Mr. Marslow, also the undertaker, and a dozen others, who can identify you as the eldest daughter of the thief and murderer, Jeremiah—”

I stretched out my hands as if entreating her to be silent. The weapons she had used had disarmed me, broken my armor, pierced me, left me powerless.

My brain seemed whirling round and round, a ball of fire. I could scarcely see her. My limbs seemed about to give way. She stood for a moment enjoying her triumph, then said, quietly:

“Now, Miss Marslow, we understand each other. You have been pitiless in your supposed triumph over me, unbending in your purpose to carry it out. Now my turn has come. I have those papers in this bag. They shall be in my cousin’s hands when he returns to-night—be laid before the rector to-morrow. I will drive you from the town like a thief, jeered at and despised by all who have known you.”

Each word came to my ears distinctly through the roaring which filled them. As she ended there came a sudden calm, which is like the calm one condemned to death may feel as he mounts the scaffold. I looked at her. The blackness disappeared from before my eyes. The trembling of my limbs ceased. Nothing but the terrible throbbing of my heart remained of the anguish which had nearly overpowered me. She was gazing at me, her head thrown back, her form drawn up to its full height.

“You had better go before they drive you! Go down to Manchester, to London, to the life you are fitted for! Go!” and she pointed down the path.

I looked at her calmly. She was standing very near the bushes. Yes, it would do! I glanced around. There seemed to be no one within a mile of us. The branches of the trees above waved lazily in the afternoon breeze. The sunlight fell through them in bright splashes on the turf between us. There was a languid, utter silence in the soft air. Far off in the copse behind me, I could hear the tapping of a woodpecker. I looked at her again, then took a step forward.

“Give me those papers,” I said, in a low tone. My voice sounded strange to my own ears.

She grew a little pale, and drew back a step nearer the bushes. “Give them to you!” she echoed, and glanced at the bag.

I took two more steps towards her. “Give them to me or—”

She retreated, her back now touching the bushes. I smiled.

“Are you mad?” she cried, growing very pale. “Will you dare to touch me? You shall suffer for this!”

I kept my eyes fixed on hers as I moved slowly forward. She was naturally brave, but my face—

She retreated before me, repeating with white lips, “Are you mad?” She was now near enough. I sprang forward as if to seize the bag. She held it aloft as she stepped back among the bushes. I stopped; for she reeled, dropped the bag, strove for a moment to regain her balance, vainly grasping the leaves and twigs about her, and then, dragging a bush with her, fell backwards with a terrible cry into the pit which yawned beneath! It was well planned. I had not touched her. I shuddered a little and listened. There was no sound. I turned, but my heart seemed grasped by a vice. From among the bushes of the copse peered a ghastly face, with eyes of unutterable horror! As I looked a man staggered out and stood before me, still staring at the space among the bushes at the edge of the pit.

(To be continued.)

CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

THE surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington, the centennial of which is now being celebrated, took place at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781. The ceremony on the occasion of the surrender was exceedingly impressive. The American army was drawn up on the right side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton, and the French army on the left, their lines extending more than a mile in length. Washington, upon his white charger, was at the head of the American column, and Rochambeau, upon a powerful bay horse, was at the head of the French column. The French troops, in complete uniform and well equipped, made a brilliant appearance and had marched to the ground with band of music playing, which was a novelty in the American service. The American troops, but part in uniform and all in garments much the worse for wear, yet had a sprightly, soldier-like air, and were not the worse in the eyes of their countrymen for bearing the marks of hard service and great privations.

The concourse of spectators from the country seemed equal in number to the military, yet silence and order prevailed. At about two o’clock the garrison saluted forth, and passed through with shouldered arms, slow and solemn steps, colors cased and drums beating a British march. They were all well clad, having been furnished with new suits prior to the capitulation. They were led by General O’Hara on horseback, who, riding up to General Washington, took off his hat and apologized for the non-appearance of Lord Cornwallis on account of indisposition. Washington received him with dignified courtesy, but pointed to Major-general Lincoln as the officer who was to receive the submission of the garrison. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O’Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back to O’Hara, to be returned to the Earl.

The delivery of the colors of the regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. Twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in line. Opposite to them, a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American

soldiers were placed in line to receive the flags. Ensign Wilson, of Clinton’s Brigade, the youngest commissioned officer in the army (being only eighteen years of age), was appointed by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to conduct this ceremony. When Wilson gave the order for the British captains to advance two paces to deliver up their colors, and the American sergeants to advance two paces to receive them, the former hesitated and assigned as the reason their unwillingness to surrender the flags to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who was at a distance, observed this hesitation, and rode up to inquire the cause. On being apprised of it, he willingly spared the feelings of the English captains, and directed Ensign Wilson to receive them himself and hand them to the sergeants.

When the colors had been surrendered, the royal army proceeded to lay down their arms. It was an exceedingly humiliating task for the captives, as they had been for months enjoying a career of uninterrupted victory and had learned to look upon the “rebels” with profound contempt. An eye-witness of the surrender, Dr. Thatcher, says that many of the soldiers threw down their guns on the pile with petulant violence; but this exhibition of a sullen spirit was promptly checked by General Lincoln. After grounding their arms and laying off their accoutrements, the British troops were conducted back to their camp, and guarded by a sufficient force until they took up their line of march for more permanent quarters in the interior of Virginia and Maryland.

The whole number surrendered by capitulation was a little over 7,000, making the total loss about 7,800. The besieging force consisted of 7,000 Americans regulars, 4,000 militia and 5,000 French—16,000 in all. Their loss in killed and wounded during the siege was about 300. The artillery and military stores and provisions surrendered were considerable. There were 75 brass and 160 iron cannons, 7,744 muskets, 28 regimental standards (ten of them English and eighteen German), a large quantity of cannon balls, bombs, musket-cartridges, etc., etc. There was also nearly \$11,000 in specie in the military chest.

HISTORIC CANNON.

THE venerable Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Ga., carried in the centennial parade at Yorktown two cannons presented to the corps by General Washington on his visit to that city in 1791. This company is, with one exception, the oldest military organization in the United States, the first public service performed by it having been the burial of General Nathaniel Greene at Savannah. The guns presented by Washington have been in its possession from that time to the present. We give an illustration of one of these historic pieces of ordnance. On the base of the breech is the following name and date: “A. Strasbourg, Par. I. Berrenger 1758”; just in front of the vent is an ornament of furled flags, with spear-heads, surmounted by a crown; in the centre of the flag is a round ornament, with four diamond-shaped pieces in same; next to this is the figure of the sun; between the two trunions are two ornated handles representing dolphins; in rear of these handles is a scroll, with the motto, “*Nec Pluribus Impar*”; forward of the handles is a raised ornament representing a bursting bomb or shell, throwing out arrows and darts, some of which are straight, others irregular in shape; next comes a scroll, with the motto, “*Ratio Ultima Regum*”; near the swell of the muzzle is found the name of the piece, “*La Populaire*”. This piece was evidently captured by the British forces from the French army some time previous to the siege of Yorktown, and was surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at the capitulation, October 19th, 1781.

THE PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

HON. DAVID DAVIS, the “Independent” Senator from Illinois, was elected President pro tem. of the United States Senate by a vote of 36 to 34, on Thursday, October 14th. On the assembly of the Senate for special business, in pursuance of the proclamation of President Arthur, on Monday, October 10th, Senator Pendleton offered a resolution to the effect that Senator Bayard of Delaware be chosen President pro tem. of the Senate. Senator Edmunds insisted that the two Senators-elect from New York and General Burnside’s successor should be sworn in first, and accordingly moved such action. By a vote of 36 to 34 this motion was laid on the table, and Senator Pendleton’s motion was taken up. Senator Edmunds moved an amendment that the election of Mr. Bayard be for that day only; but this was rejected—33 yeas, 34 nays. He then moved to substitute the name of Senator Anthony for that of Senator Bayard. This, too, was rejected—yeas, 32; nays, 34. The original motion was then put and carried by a vote of 34 to 32. Whereupon the Chair appointed Senators Anthony and Pendleton a committee to escort Senator Bayard to the chair. An adjournment was then taken to the next day. Immediately after the reading of the journal, Messrs. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Miller and Lapham, of New York, were sworn in.

On Thursday, after the preliminary business had been attended to, Mr. Edmunds called up his resolution offered the day before and laid on the table, to continue the standing committees, which Mr. Garland proposed to amend by providing that only certain committees, which he named, should be continued. After Messrs. Edmunds and Garland had briefly argued in favor of their respective propositions, the roll was called and the resolution adopted by yeas 36, nays 34. Messrs. Dawes and Platt were paired with Messrs. Fair and Johnston, and Messrs. Bayard and Davis withheld their votes. When the Senate resumed business with open doors, Mr. Bayard vacated the chair, called Mr. Harris to preside, and occupied his regular seat on the floor. When his name was called Mr. Bayard said that he had never obtained position by his own vote, and he did not wish to retain a position by his own vote. He, therefore, would not vote on the resolution. The result having been announced, Messrs. Anthony and Bayard were appointed to escort the Illinois Senator to the chair. The selection of these two gentlemen, who had been the unsuccessful and unsuccessful candidates of their respective parties, caused considerable merriment, in which Mr. Bayard joined with apparent good-humor.

On taking the chair Senator Davis said:

“SENATORS: The honor just conferred comes, as the seat which I now occupy in this body did, without any expectation on my part. If it carried any party obligations I should be constrained to decline this high compliment. I do not accept it as a tribute to any personal merit, but rather as a recognition of the independent position which I have long occupied in the politics of the country. I am profoundly grateful for this mark of confidence, and it shall be my endeavor, as it will be my duty, to administer the trust with impartiality and with entire fairness.

Not having been trained in parliamentary practice, I shall beg the indulgence of the Senate in this respect, and I hope for a generous co-operation on all sides. The Senate will please come to order.”

The Arrest of Mr. Parnell.

MR. PARNELL was arrested on the 13th instant at Morrison’s Hotel, in Dublin. Detective Mallon called at the hotel early in the morning, and sent word to the Land League leader, who was still in bed, that he would like to see him. The hotel porter returned word that Mr. Parnell would be happy to see the detective as soon as he was dressed. Soon after, he sent for Mallon, who, with Detective Sheridan, went up-stairs. Parnell met him pleasantly, and asked, “Do you intend to arrest me?” “Yes,” replied Mallon, handing him the warrant, which was signed by Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The warrant charges Parnell with inciting people to intimidate others from paying their just rent, and with intimidating tenants from taking the benefit of the Land Act. Parnell glanced over the warrant and said, “All right.” He put on his hat and walked down-stairs with the two policemen. A cab was waiting at the door, and the three men entered it. “Kilmalman Prison!” cried Mallon to the driver, and they drove off. Beside the cab were four other policemen, in citizen’s clothes, in another carriage. On arriving at Kilmalman, Mr. Parnell was assigned to a cell. The news that Mr. Parnell had been arrested soon leaked out, and spread like wildfire through the city and country. The telegraph offices were besieged. Many persons seemed glad and relieved, and others were angry and excited. The authorities are taking every precaution against disturbance. There are now 45,000 troops, 32,000 soldiers and the 13,000 constabulary—in the country. Flying columns, composed of cavalry and horse artillery, are waiting orders at the large garrison towns, and any attempt at insurrection will be struck like lightning. The moderate section of the League urge the people to keep quiet, and that advice will no doubt be adopted, although a riot here and there may be looked for. The superstitious predict bloodshed. Insurrections in Ireland have always been ushered in by great storms. The Spring of 1867, when the last rising occurred, was remarkable for phenomenal cold and heavy snow; the troubles of ’48 and ’98 were heralded by terrific winds; and last week the island was swept by a furious hurricane.

On the evening of the 13th Mr. Gladstone made a speech at the London Guildhall on being presented with an address by the Corporation. He announced Mr. Parnell’s arrest amid great cheering, and said the Government intended to exert all the power at its command to crush the League organization. “We are not at issue with the people of Ireland. I firmly believe that the majority of the tenants earnestly desire a fair trial of the Land Act. The power with which we are struggling is that which endeavors to say how far the people shall obey the law. We have no fear of the people of Ireland, but do fear lest many more should become demoralized or intimidated.” Mr. Gladstone said he would rejoice at the adoption of any form of local government in Ireland, provided it did not impair the supremacy of the Imperial Government. He renewed the claim for the support of all, without distinction of party, in the great national crisis. Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastically cheered throughout the delivery of his speech.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Emperor of Germany has, by Imperial decree, awarded the Gold Medal of Merit for Agriculture to Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert jointly, in recognition of their services for the development of scientific and practical agriculture.

The Success of the Siemens electrical railway in Paris is very great, and the mode of locomotion very highly prized by Parisians. It is certain that steps will be taken after the Exhibition for rendering it a permanent feature of the French capital.

The Berlin Museum is now the fortunate possessor of archaeological treasures which are perfectly unique. They are the long-expected sculptures from the Central Amercan field of ruins at Santa Lucia de Cosmogapan, Guatemala, purchased for the Museum by Professor Basan when upon his American journey.

An International Meeting of electricians will be held in Paris between October 1st and 16th, as has been arranged by the Chambre Syndicale d’Electricité. At this meeting there will be few theoretical questions taken up. The industrial and commercial side of electricity will receive, however, great attention.

The Japanese Telegraph System, established ten years ago, has now 3,929 miles of line and 9,345 miles of wire. Twenty words are sent sixty miles for less than two cents. Last year the number of messages transmitted was 1,272,756. There are 346 Morse instruments in use, twenty-six single needle-blocks, and twenty-nine Bell telephones.

During the Past Year the progress of discovery at Pompeii has been rapid. Several very important houses have been opened for the first time since their memorable closing up in the early years of Imperial Rome. One of them is built and furnished on an entirely original plan. Some of the statues found are of bronze, and are said to be of exquisite workmanship. Furniture discovered is also of high excellence.

Dr. Rudolph Konig, of Paris, whose acoustical fame is world wide, is about to publish in one volume, in the French language, his remarkable researches in acoustics, which have appeared at intervals during the past fifteen years. The work will be liberally illustrated with drawings of the newer and more important pieces of apparatus which Dr. Konig has invented.

October 3d the members of the Italian expedition for the exploration of the Antarctic seas were to embark at Genoa. Dr. Vincenzo Guerra is in charge of the zoological department, Dr. Lorenzo, of the botanical; Professor Lorisio, of the Geological; and Lieutenant Roncagli, of the artistic. Lieutenant Bove is in command of the expedition. When the men all arrive at Buenos Ayres they will embark on a vessel belonging to the Argentine Republic.

The Berlin African Society has received further news from several German explorers in Western Africa. Dr. Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann were at Malange at the end of May, hoping to start early in June, and to reach Kimbundo at the end of that month. From Robert Fiegel news is to hand up to June 4th. The members of the station at Kokombwa are occupied with scientific collections and the exploration of the environs. Dr. Steckler is trying to reach the Central African lakes from Abyssinia.

Visitors to the Milan Exhibition may now see there the petrified body of a young girl eighteen years of age, petrified by a new process, the secret of Dr. Comi. When he took the body from a Florence hospital it was already in a state of putrefaction, but the doctor, without touching the intestines, set to work, and gradually reduced the body to marble, that is, the body has become white and hard as marble, but the hair has remained as soft as during life, and even the down on the arms remains as in life. Dr. Comi first brought the body to Rome, naturally thinking that it would have been eagerly seized for a medical or other museum, but no one would take it. So now it is being exhibited in Milan, where, no doubt, it will prove a great attraction to doctors of all nations.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. CADOGAN has been appointed attaché of the British Legation at Washington.

THE Shah has sent to Princess Stephanie the Order of the Sun, set in diamonds.

By command of Queen Victoria, the Marquis of Northampton has invested King Alfonso with the Order of the Garter.

REV. THOMAS K. BREWER has been nominated for member of the New York Assembly by the Greenbacks of Chemung County.

BISHOP SIMPSON is to be formally received by the Methodist clergy in Philadelphia upon his return to America a fortnight hence.

MRS. SECRETARY HUNT is picturesquely described as a stately Juno, fair and imposing, with a manner that is the perfection of courtesy.

GENERAL PRENDERGAST has been appointed Governor General of Cuba, in place of General Blanco. He will start for Cuba on the 28th inst.

GENERAL HUBBARD, the Republican nominee for Governor of Minnesota, was born in Troy, N. Y., and began his Western life as an editor.

MRS. MYRA KINGSBURY, who has had charge of a church in Vermont for the past year, has just been ordained as a Universalist minister at Sheshequin, Pa.

GENERAL GARFIELD’s portrait is to be placed upon the five-cent international postal letter stamp, and on the checks for the 6 per cent bonds continued at 3½ per cent.

DR. SCHLEIMANN, the eminent archaeologist, has arrived at Constantinople, and the German Embassy has asked for a firman authorizing the continuance of his excavations at Hissarlik.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, State Comptroller, has been nominated by the Republicans to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the election of Mr. Lapham to the Senate from this State.

It is gravely reported that on a recent Sunday M. Gounod, the eminent composer, went of his own accord up to the choir at the St. Etienne, and sang with the choir-boys during Mass, after which he sat down at the organ, and began the Ninth Symphony with chorus by himself.

A GENTLEMAN who recently rode through Senator Dorsey’s cattle ranch in New Mexico says of it: “It is forty by sixty miles in size, and has on it twenty-eight thousand head of cattle and thirteen hundred horses. The income from this place cannot be less than \$75,000 for the present season.”

ROBERT L. STUART, Robert Lenox Kennedy, and his sister, Miss Kennedy, of New York City, have each given Mrs. Garfield \$15,000, or \$45,000 altogether. The money was deposited by the donors, a few days ago, in the Bank of Commerce to Mrs. Garfield’s credit, and notice sent to her that she could draw it at her pleasure.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL is going with all his family to New Mexico, where he has become interested in some silver mines. He is quoted as saying that the Indians are so dangerous in that neighborhood that he and his family prefer that if one must run the risk all should do so, that they may live or die together.

DR. JOHN BUCHANAN, of Philadelphia, who pleaded guilty last November to the charge of selling bogus medical diplomas, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and to undergo one year’s imprisonment. He has already been confined in the penitentiary fifteen months, twelve of which he served for conspiracy to defraud the Government.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has returned to her residence at the “Bristol,” 55 West Eleventh Street, New York City, and will immediately commence her teachings in singing. There is no better teacher than this lady, and we are happy to state that this old New York favorite is permanently settled here, and will devote her time exclusively to her art.

THE Governor of Louisiana, Louis Alfred Wiltz, is on his deathbed. He is beyond the reach of all human aid, and is slowly but surely passing away. The Governor has really been dying for months, and nothing in his eventful career has more strikingly illustrated the true heroism of his character than the superb courage with which he has met the advances of death.

YOUNG MR. JACKSON, the American who has become reader to the King of Wurttemberg and His Majesty’s chosen friend, has been showered with titles and decorations. He has highly ornamented flunkies assigned to his service, and lives in great luxury. He is a cultivated and pleasant young fellow, tall and slender, with an agreeable but not handsome face.

NOT long ago the Shah of Persia underwent, in the presence of his entire Court, the dangerous operation of having one of his teeth extracted. The operation was a success; certainly, financially, for not less than 3,000 ducats were sent to him in a single day by his faithful subjects as “congratulatory offerings.” The fee of the European dentist who attended him was 100 ducats.

AT the Rock River (Illinois) Conference, the jury in the treason case against the Rev. Dr. Thomas has delivered a verdict of guilty, and decided to expel him from the



CENTENNIAL OF LORD CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN, VA.—GENERAL O'HARA, IN BEHALF OF LORD CORNWALLIS,
SURRENDERING THE ARMY TO GENERAL WASHINGTON, OCT. 19TH, 1781.—SEE PAGE 155.



COL. ARNDT VON STEUBEN, CHIEF OF THE GERMAN DELEGATES TO THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.—SEE PAGE 150.

NEW ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE new St. Mary's Hospital in Brooklyn, a part of which is now building, will prove a valuable and important addition to the charitable institutions of that city. When completed it will occupy the entire block bounded by St. Mark's, Rochester and Buffalo Avenues and Warren Street. It is non-sectarian, as far as the admission of patients is concerned, although in charge of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Only one wing, the western half of the building, in St. Mark's and Rochester Avenues, will be built at present, owing to lack of money. The building is of brick, with granite facings, and is plain and solid in appearance. When completed in accordance with the plans, it will have a frontage of 500 feet and a depth of 223 feet. The main building will be in the middle of the block, in St. Mark's Avenue, and will be occupied by the community of Sisters, while at each of the four corners of the square will be similar buildings of smaller size, 48 feet square. The wing will be five stories high, and the square buildings one higher. The wing now building is 156 feet long in St. Mark's Avenue, and 229 feet in Rochester Avenue. It will contain between 90 and 100 private rooms, 3 public wards, and 2 wards for special cases. In the square building, at St. Mark's and Rochester Avenues, will be private entrance for patients. In the Warren Street tower is the entrance to the dispensary and private entrance for the physicians.

On the upper floors there will be

arrangements for isolating epidemic cases that may break out in the hospital, but no contagious cases will be received. Should the means be provided, it is intended to establish a ward for incurables, but so far the Sisters have received very little help from the public. The only aid they have received towards the building is from the St. Vincent de Paul Society and from two young women, who gave \$5.

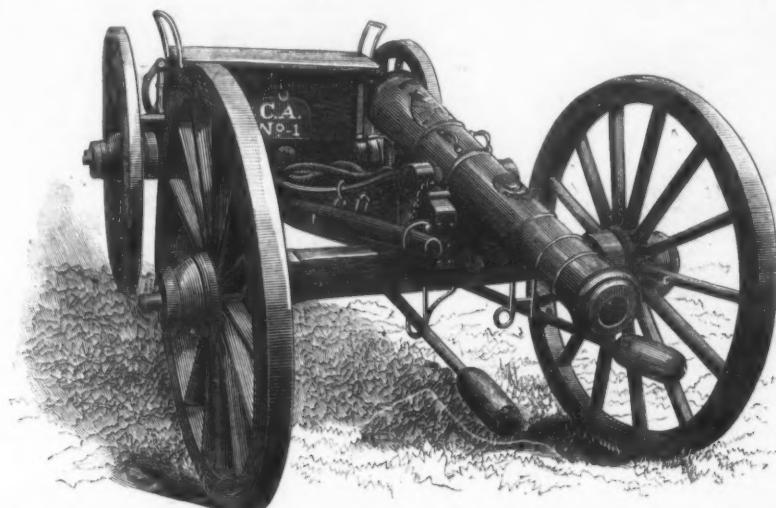
The full plan of the hospital contemplates a very complete institution. The front and open spaces in the centre will be nicely laid out with grass-plots and flowers. Cook-houses and laundries will be placed back, and separated from the wards and hospital-rooms by walls, and the quiet patients and convalescents will be remote from the more severe cases.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

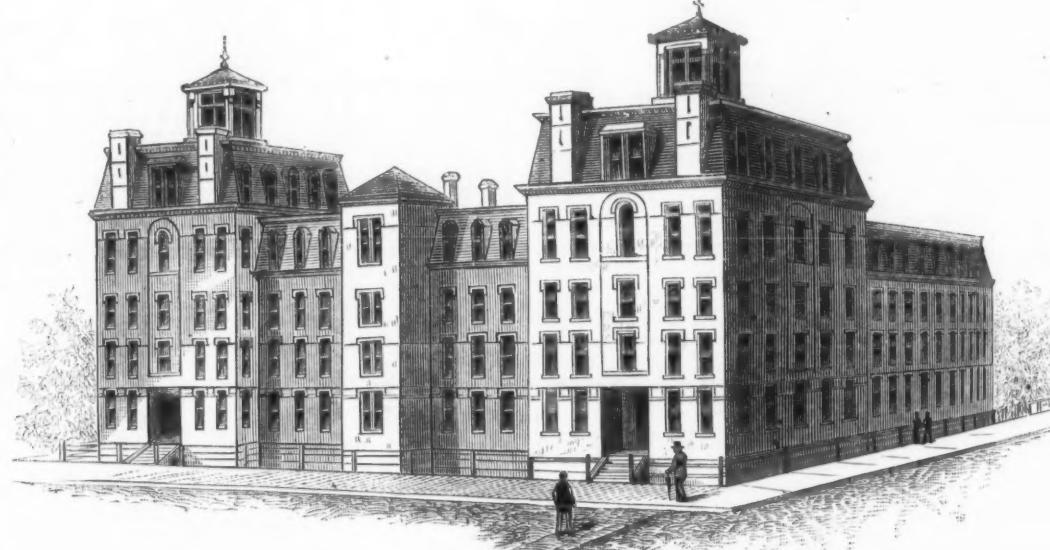
THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, the distinguished divine, was born in 1832, in Bound Brook, Somerset County, N. J. His father was a farmer of much vigor and consistency of character; his mother, a woman of noted energy, hopefulness and equanimity. Both parents were in marked respects characteristic. Prepared by the usual course of study for college, young Talmage chose for his *aim* the University of New York, through which he passed with marked credit, ranking high, especially as a *belles-lettres* scholar.

Entering upon the ministry, he settled at Belleville, in New Jersey, where he laid the foundation, in an excellent practical ministerial work, for his future career of usefulness. From Belleville Mr. Talmage went to Syracuse, N. Y., where he preached for three years to cultivated and critical audiences, and

achieved additional celebrity for the eloquence and vigor of his discourses. Compelled by family considerations to leave Syracuse, the climate of which was a cause of ill-health, the next seven years of Mr. Talmage's life were spent in Philadelphia. There his powers got "set." He learned



GEORGIA.—CANNON SURRENDERED BY CORNWALLIS, AND PRESENTED BY WASHINGTON TO THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY OF SAVANNAH.—SEE PAGE 155.



NEW YORK.—NEW ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL ON ST. MARK'S, ROCHESTER AND BUFFALO AVENUES, BROOKLYN.

what he could best do. He had the courage of his consciousness, and he did it. Previously he might have felt it incumbent on him to give to pulpit traditions the homage of compliance—though at Syracuse "the more excellent way," any man's own way, so that he have the divining gift of genius and the nature a-tune to all high sympathies and purposes—had in glimpses come to him. He realized that it was his duty and mission in the world to make it hear the Gospel. The Church was not to him in numbers a select few, in organization a monopoly. It was meant to be the conqueror and transformer of the world. For seven years he wrought with much success on this theory, all the time realizing that his plans could come to fulfillment only under conditions that enabled him to build from the bottom up an organization which could get nearer to the masses and which would have no precedents to be afraid of as ghosts in its path. Hence he ceased from being the leading preacher in Philadelphia to become in Brooklyn a preacher with a world-wide fame.

His work for twelve years there is known to all our readers. It began in a cramped brick rectangle, capable of holding 1,200, and he came to it on the "call" of nineteen. In less than two years that was exchanged for an iron structure, with raised seats, the interior curved like a horseshoe, the pulpit a platform bridging the ends. That held 3,000 persons. It lasted just long enough to revolutionize church architecture in cities into harmony with common sense. Smaller duplicates of it started in every quarter—



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR OF "FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE."



HON. DAVID DAVIS, PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

three in Brooklyn, two in New York, one in Montreal, one in Louisville, any number in Chicago, two in San Francisco, like numbers abroad. Then it burnt up, that from its ashes the present state and most sensible structure might rise. Gothic, of brick and stone, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below, it holds 5,000 as easily as one person, and all can hear and see equally well. In a large sense the people built these edifices.

It is sufficiently indicative to say in general of Dr. Talmage's work in the Tabernacle, that his audiences are always as many as the place will hold; that seventy-eight papers in Christendom stately publish his entire sermons in Friday-night discourses, exclusive of the dailies of the United States; that the papers girdle the globe, being published in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, Toronto, Montreal, St. John's, Sidney, Melbourne, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Raleigh, New York and many others. To pulpits labors of this responsibility should be added considerable pastoral work, and constantly recurring lecturing and literary work, to fill out the public life of a very busy man. Recently he has added to his other responsibilities that of the editorship of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, to which he will henceforth give his best and constant efforts.

He has spoken in nearly all the great halls of the United States to vast assemblies. In 1879 he crossed the Atlantic, and preached and lectured in all the cities and large towns of England, Scotland and Ireland. He spoke ninety-six times in ninety-four days. Committees from many of the prominent cities met him at Queenstown on his arrival abroad, and he was received with great enthusiasm everywhere. Some of the audiences, on his appearance on the platform, would rise and stand cheering until it was necessary for the presiding officer to wave them into silence. The Earl of Kintore, the celebrated Scotch philanthropist, presided at the meeting to receive Dr. Talmage in Exeter Hall, while the platform was occupied by some of the most distinguished men and women of England. At the close of many of his meetings in church and hall, he would be called to stand in a carriage or on chair and speak to the multitudes who could not gain admission. Leaving one of the pulpits where he preached, he went through a back door so as to get to his carriage unobserved; but no sooner did he step into the carriage, than the people gathered around and thousands shook hands, and as the driver attempted to start the people lifted the carriage by the wheels, and it was necessary for the police to clear the way. He was breakfasted, banqueted and honored in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The railroad stations were thronged when it was known he was to pass through.

The life and labors of a man so thoroughly equipped for, and so fully equal to, all the duties and responsibilities of active work in the service of his Master and of humanity, have more than a local and temporary interest. They concern the world; and thousands who have never seen Dr. Talmage's face in the flesh, will thank us, we are sure, for presenting it in these columns.

FUN.

THE CRY OF EGYPT—I want my mummy.

"WHAT is the moon good for?" asked the teacher. "What are its principal uses?" And the smart bad boy looked up from the foot of the class and said: "To rest the gas companies."

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful. "I suppose it's because you're bigger than I am."

THERE is something radically wrong about our professions when a pious minister only gets forty cents for joining a couple, and a wicked lawyer receives forty dollars for untiting the same.

WIFE OF AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER TO HER WASHER-WOMAN—"Well, Bridget, how did you like the sermon Sunday?" Bridget: "It was beautiful. I like to go to that church. It's so nice to see your husband courtesying around in his shroud."

WHILE preaching from the text, "He giveth His beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping auditors and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wondrous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation!"

A CHICAGO man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen, who said: "Now let's go and see the Widows' Home." The Chicago man put his finger on the side of his nose and winked, and then said: "Not much, Mary Ann. I saw a widow home once and it cost me \$16,000. She sued me for breach of promise and proved it on me. No, sir; send the widows home in a huck."

A MAN bought an estate in Ireland the other day. He was of small stature, we are told, and very thin and wiry-looking. When he went down to see the place, the tenants turned out to inspect the new landlord, and after his departure began to discuss him. "Well, Pat, what do you think of the new landlord?" "Oh, begorra, not much! Why, that little gossoon would be as hard to shoot as a jack-snipe."

ADVICE TO TRAVELERS.—Buy a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP—the only thing to stop a Hack.

"I HAVEN'T seen you at church lately, Mr. Fogg," said Parson Shallowtext. "No," replied Fogg; "I read in the newspaper that physicians say it is not healthy to sleep in the daytime."

IN THE OPINION OF PHYSICIANS, teeth that are becoming defective or are insufficiently cleansed, infect the food and unfit it for the digestive process. Health, therefore, as well as personal attractiveness, is promoted by the use of SOZODONT, pure in composition, agreeable in flavor, prompt and effective in its purifying action and economic, since only a few drops upon the brush are needed at a time. The popularity of this sterilizing preparation is based upon long tested and professionally recognized merit.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN MALARIAL TROUBLES.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is an excellent agent in malarial troubles. In despondency and debility it has beneficial effects.

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

POTATOES they grow small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and squalled,
And mothers spanked them all
In Maumee;
CASTORIA's cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.

For the NEW HORSE DISEASE (Pink Eye) use HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFIC. The Specific A. A., C. C. and H. H. cure every time. A is promptly given without trouble; and is curing hundreds daily. Sold by dealers generally. Single Bottles, full directions, 75 cents each. Case (10 Bottles and Book), \$8. Pamphlets sent free. HUMPHREYS' S. HOMEOPATHIC MED. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

AMONG the thousand and one Face Lotions in the market BAKER'S CREAM OF ROSES stands pre-eminent.

ARRESTING THE PROGRESS OF CONSUMPTION.

THE action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in arresting the progress of pulmonary consumption has been so marked and constant in our administration of this new Treatment, that we are warranted in saying that, if taken in the early stages, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease might be cured. In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now, COMPOUND OXYGEN is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality. But we cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using this Treatment in the very commencement of pulmonary trouble, and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system, and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to us are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That COMPOUND OXYGEN benefits or cures so large a proportion of these is often as much a surprise to ourselves as to our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York, is flourishing, as such carefully managed hotels usually do, and as that house made many friends for the AMERICAN at Richfield Spring, where Mr. Welsh scored an unusually brilliant season, so the AMERICAN in its turn no doubt made many friends for the ST. NICHOLAS.

IT isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

THE color and lustre of youth are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of PARKER'S HAIR BALM, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over fifty years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have PARKER'S GINGER TONIC handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good-natured."

HALFORD SAUCE, the great relish of the world for family use. Sold by all grocers.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

HUB PUNCH delights the guest.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in thin only ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAS. EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT OR GRAVEL. Schlimberger is the only patented in France, L. A. Paris, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y., his only agent for the celebrated French Salicylates, which relieve at once, cure in four days, without dangerous consequences, their purity being controlled according to French law by the Board of Pharmacy of Paris. Beware!—The genuine has red seal and signature of agent on each box, \$1, post paid. Send stamp for pamphlet. Thousands of references.

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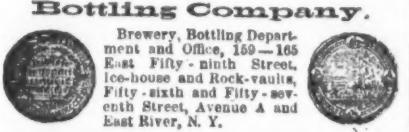
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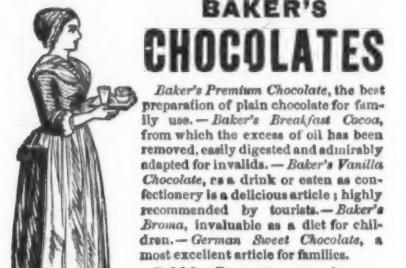
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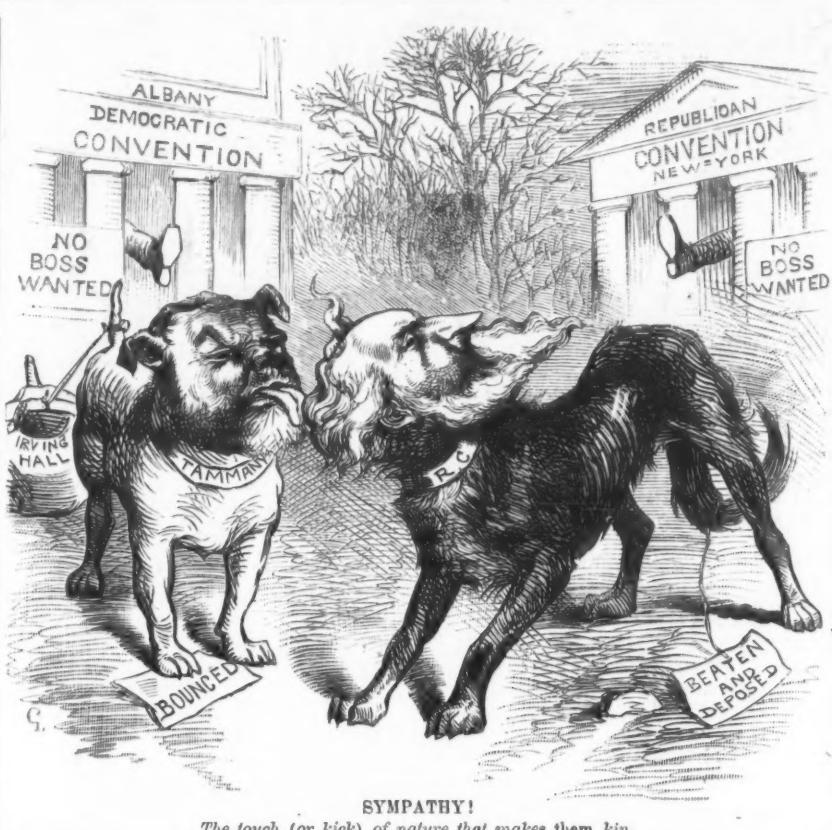
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